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John Dryden

THE CEREMONY-MONGER, HIS CHARACTER.

In Ten CHAPTERS.

I. Of Bowing to the Altar.
II. Of Implicit Faith.
III. Of Reading Dons.
IV. Of Reading alternately *Athanasius*'s Creed, *&c.*
V. Of Bowing to the Name of *Jesu.*
VI. Of unlighted Candles on the Altar.

In the CONCLUSION.

I. Of Sureties in Baptism.
II. Of Escapes in the Common-Prayer.
III. Of Bishops.
IV. Of Ordination.

Of the Nature of a LIBEL, and *Scandalum Magnatum.*

And, in the CONCLUSION,

Hinting at some Mathematical Untruths; and what BISHOPS were, are, and should be.

By the late E. HICKERINGILL, Rector of the Rectory of *All-Saints*, in *Colchester.*

Ye Men of Athens, *I perceive that in all Things ye are too superstitious.* Acts xvii. 23.
Those that walk in Pride, God is able to abase. Dan. iv. 37.

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THE CEREMONY-MONGER, OR THE CHARACTER

In Two CHAPTERS.

THE INTRODUCTION.

AS *black* as my Ceremony-monger is (here *described*) he is neither *Moor* nor Tawny-Moor, *Infidel* nor Jew; but a *Protestant professed:* He may be a *Papist*, or worse (an Atheist) in *Masquerade*; but *his Face* is Protestant.

I grant, that I have censured, condemned, and hanged him up in *Effigie*; yet I have drawn no Blood, done Hurt to none; for my Man is a *Man of Clouts*, a Man in the *Clouds*, a mere *Individuum Vagum*: So that no Man alive can be offended; because, let his Guilt be never so great, in being like my Whiffler-Ecclesiastical, tho' it nip him to the very Heart, and fly in his Face till the *Blood* come thither and make him *blush*, yet he is as *safe as a Thief* in a Mill, except he come into Court, and *confess* himself to be the *Man* which is here (for his Guilt) *exposed* and sentenced.

If the Fool *confess*, he must *suffer*, like that silly Wit-all; (who shall be nameless) and not *being content* to be a Cuckold, he must needs *wind his Horn*, and proclaim his own Shame in open Court, by good Evidence; and so he remains a *Cuckold upon Record*; like the silly Snail, who had never been taken for a *Cornudo*, or *horned Brute*, if he himself had *not thrust* out his own Horns: If such Disasters behappen to a wise Man, his *wisest way* is to make no Words on't, but to cover the Shame as *decently* as may be, and put his *Horns in his Pocket*.

This *Brute*, with his *irrational* Ceremonies, ſhould belong to a Proteſtant Church and Conſtitution; but (like an *outlying Deer)* which are uſually the luſtieſt and fatteſt of all the *brutiſh Herd*) has, through Wantonneſs, or greedy Ravage, *broke out of the Pale* of the Church; where, if he would be content to *keep*, it would be *ſafer* for him; and my Deſign is (in pure Love and Kindneſs to his Welfare) thus gently to *hunt him* home; and ſo he will acknowledge it ſurely: But what Gratitude can a Man in reaſon expect from a Brute, who hears no Reaſon, but is guided by furious Paſſion and Appetite?

And I deny not, but that he may owe much of the Fleſh on his Back to his *rambling after Popiſh-like* Ceremonies; (when *Popery* did ſo much influence the Throne, in the happy Days of the two *Caſtlemains* and Father *Petre*) who not being able to bring in Popery *barefaced*, therefore the *Quid pro Quo*, the ſomething *like it*, and near it, muſt be countenanced and preferred: And my Ceremony-monger is now as *loth to depart* with them (his dear, dear, ſilly, and illegal Ceremonies) for old Acquaintance ſake, as *with his old Dog*, or old Horſe, that though *paſt Service*, yet he retains them for old Kindneſſes, and *old done Deeds*.

And yet they are ſuch, as neither the Laws of *God* nor *Man* ever made; and therefore muſt be condemned and executed, if brought *to the Bar of Holy Writ* and right Reaſon.

At which *Bar* no Man has a *better Commiſſion* of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, to arraign and judge him, than myſelf, as being lawfully (into the Sacred Order of Prieſthood) ordained, and the Holy Bible then put into my Hands by the Learned *Saunderſon* (then Biſhop of *Lincoln*, and now (I doubt not) a Saint in Heaven, though he was nicknamed the *Preſbyterian Biſhop)* and of a Captain (both perſuaded me and) made me a Prieſt, ſaying, *Take thou Authority to preach the Goſpel.*

There's my Commiſſion; and let any Man, Pope or Biſhop, ſhew a Patent more authentick to *teach all Nations*, and I will never preach nor write Divinity hereafter: But there are but very few Clergymen or Biſhops in *England* (either in or out of the Univerſities) that can ſhew an Authority of ſo ancient ſtanding, or of ſo old a Style and Date, as mine. Nay, we had no Scripture, if Writing be not Preaching?

ing: Besides, if I should not thus teach my Ceremony-monger by the Press, I could not admonish him at all; for my Pulpit is a narrow Place, though it stand aloft; and few Ceremony-mongers desire to be cured: For, like Men that have filthy old Ulcers on their Legs, they hate to be dressed before Folks; they had rather it should fester, than be known. There is not one Word in the Ordination of Bishops, in our Common Prayer-Book, or in Holy Writ, that gives a Bishop more authentick Orders to preach, than a Presbyter or Priest; only the King's Mandate makes him the King's Commissioner: But, in reference to God or the People, a Bishop has no better or fresher Character to teach, or administer the Holy Sacraments, than a Presbyter; nor has any King or Parliament, Bishop or Synod, any lawful Power to silence me for teaching Truth: The Character is indelible.

For no Flesh alive has more Authority than our Lord *Jesus* and the *Apostles* had; which was for *Edification*, not *Destruction*; to do Good, not Harm; to *advance*, not to *depress* Truth; to save Mens Lives, Liberties, and Properties, not to destroy.

But some may object to me, that the *late King did silence me*, shut me out of my own Pulpit, and banished me from my House and Home, my self and my Family, for three or four Years last, not only *against* Law, Equity, and Conscience, but *without* Law, or any *Colour*, Process, or *Form* of Law; and yet I submitted in Quietness and Silence, and made no Noise *in* the World, nor *to* the World; not so much as Groaning or Complaining, but sat down silently.

To which I answer, by confessing that it is (all of it) a great Truth; and I was by arbitrary Power and Oppression, to my Damage some hundreds of Pounds, thus silenced (as aforesaid) by Will and Pleasure: A Word from the Court ejected me from my Pulpit and my House; but also a Word from the Court recalled me, about a Month before the *Dutch* landed.

But to whom could I complain? To the Throne? I did, without Remedy, for that oppress me. To the righteous God I made my humble Appeal, and he heard in Heaven his Dwelling-Place, *and laughed my Adversaries to scorn*; yea, *the Lord has had them in Derision*; and those that banished me from my House without Law, and without a

Cauſe, are, by God's righteous Hand and Judgment, turned out of their Houſes and Homes; and before they went, recanted their Oppreſſion towards me; but going away in haſte, ſtayed not to make me Reſtitution for the Injuſtice.

There is a Time for all Things; our bleſſed Saviour had many things to ſay, but even his Apoſtles could not hear them ſometimes. I writ againſt theſe illegal Ceremonies in the *black Non-conformiſt* ſeven Years ago: The Times would not bear it, the Criminal would not hear; Popery and Popiſh-like Ceremonies were rampant; *My Soul did weep in ſecret* for their Pride, they would not hear; the Judgments of God are beginning *at the Houſe of God*: I'll now try again; perhaps they will *now* hear.

But, may ſome ſay, Have a care of *Scandalum magnatum*; have a care that your Book be not a *Libel*, and a Reflexion (viſibly apparent) againſt great Men; you might have whiſpered theſe things in private to them.

And have got a Box o'th' Ear for my Pains (*you mean*) by that particular Application; whereas now none can be offended juſtly, except his guilty Conſcience makes him confeſs that I have hit him home, and that he is the Man.

But clear Scriptures (may ſome ſtill urge) ſhall not ſtand for Law in the King's Bench; there you muſt follow the *Courſe of the Court*: Ay, ay, I know it has been ſo; but I hope the *New Star-Chamber-Court* (at *that End* of the Hall) will now follow the Fate of *that other Old Star-Chamber Court*, condemned (by 17 *Car.* 1. 10.) at the other End of *Weſtminſter-Hall*, for introducing *an arbitrary Power and Government* (the very Words of the ſaid Statute) *as an intolerable Burden.*

I well remember, indeed, that *Lord Keeper North*, in his Speech, when he introduced the *new Lord Chief Juſtice* (what ſhall I call?) *Scroggs* (I think it was) *told him* how eaſily he might (notwithſtanding *the ſaid Statute of Condemnation*) reſuſcitate and revive *that old Star-Chamber*, *by a Reſurrection* more glorious, more *extenſive*, in the King's-Bench, *in its Cognizance and Juriſdiction.*

He was too true a Prophet; witneſs their unconſcionable, unchriſtian, unſcriptural, and illegal (*nec ſalvo tenemento*) Fines, without Bowels of Compaſſion, making a Man an *Offender for a Word*; and then ruin an undo *a Man and his Houſe*, a Man and his Heritage, his Liberty, his *Eſtate*, his Honour,

Honour, and *sometimes his Life*: In such *an arbitrary*, various, and disagreeing way *to themselves*, as well as *to Law*, that in the late famous Trial of the *seven Bishops*, the Bench it self could not agree, *what was the Law* of the Court.

They all agreed that the *Course* of the Court, and the *Law* of the Court were *synonimous*, one and the same Phrase or Paraphrase; but what was the *Law* or *Course* of the Court, could *not be decided:* Judge against Judge, the Bench against the Bar; Attorney that *was* against Attorney that *is*; Solicitor General that *was* against him that *is*; and the most killing Arguments were, *Argumenta ad Hominem*, making the *same Tongue*, in this Trial, condemn, and *eat its own Words* in former Trials, *(viz. before they changed Places.*

At length, to end the Contest, the wise Chief Justice *went to Council*, and gravely *asked the Advice* of the Attorney (Sir *Sam——)* but he was puzzled too, and was *nonplussed* for the *Course or Law* of the Court, except for twelve Years, *good Gentlemen!* only by hear-say for sixty Years more, as he was told by an *old Stager* that had been *twice a Child*, and no Man living could remember that *ever he was a Man* (in the right Sense) the *Vacation* betwixt the two Terms (of *Childhood* and *Dotage*) was a *short Vacation*, if any at all.

I *presume*, says one, I *presume*, says another, I presume violently, says a third; nay (if *Presume* be the *Word*) then I *presume also*, that in so *presuming* against Mens Lives and Liberties, they were too *presumptuous*. Therefore do not you tell me of the *Course of the Court* of *King's-Bench*; if you know it, you know more than I know, or than the Judges knew when the Course of the Court was arbitrary, and out of Course.

But if it keep its due Course, and pretend to no *dispensing Power*, in abrogating the Laws of God, and Christ, and right Reason, I fear them not, for I hope in God that I shall never, by *preaching Truth*, transgress; but a Truth may be a Libel, as one of the Lawyers urged in the said Trial.

Yet the learned Gentleman (notwithstanding his *De-Libel famos)* talked without Book, and against Truth and Law, like an *Oxford Apothecary*: For Truth being an *Attribute*, and properly *Divine* (as Light is of the *Sun*, and whence radiantly and virtually all Light proceeds) can never be any Part of the Constitution of a *Libel-Defamatory*. And therefore

all

all the Statutes to which *Scandalum magnatum* has any Reference, whether that of 3 *Edw.* 1. 4. or those two of *Richard* II. Queen *Mary*, or Queen *Elizabeth*, are only against such as tell *false Tales*, or false News, whereby *Discord may arise*, &c.

So that, in the *first* place, nothing can be a Libel but what is false; and then it may be false, and yet no *Libel*, if it do not tend to *Discord*; and consequently be malicious or *seditious*; as to say, a Nobleman is wet to the Skin, came to his Country-House, wore black Clothes, *&c.* all which may be *false*, and yet no *Libel*.

To say, a Judge or Justice gives false Judgment, though it be *true*, may be so circumstantiated that it may be *justly punishable*, as a Misbehaviour; but he shall not suffer by Law as a *Libeller*, if it be apparently true.

But the Learned Judge Sir *J. Powel*, then in the said Case, very honestly and judiciously affirmed it for Law, that a *Libel must be false*, false Tales; *it is not else* within the Statutes on which *Scandalum magnatum* is founded; and still the *Course* of the Court varied from Law. Never was the Punishment of a *Libeller*, or Honour-wounder, a pecuniary Mulct, but (till King *James* I.) always the Body, by Imprisonment, *&c.* repaid and repaired wounded Honour; nay; by 1 & 2 *Phil. & Mar.* 3. the *greatest* scandalous Words against the *King* or *Queen* were only punished by *bodily Punishment*, which a Man might have bought off (whether the King would or no) with 100 *l.* (not ready Money neither (the Bill was not drawn upon him, nor upon *Sight hereof*) but any time within a Month) so tender were our Ancestors of undoing Men for ill Words, even against the King; much more tender not to undo a Man and his House for a frail Word against a frail Subject, though a Lord. Honour, if it be base and Dregs, is not Honour; and consequently not wounded or hurt: But if it be true Honour, it is like the best *Spirits*, airy and *spirituah*, it can neither be *bought* nor *sold*: Nor ever was it known in *England*, that so much as Knighthood could be of so base an *Alloy*, as that an Usurer (or Scrivener of 10 *l. per Cent.*) could purchase it, till the Poverty of *Scotland*, coupled with an empty Exchequer, and a King liberal to Prodigality to his Countrymen, was glad to make poor *Shifts* to earn a Penny: This for *one*, of making Honour so *mercenary*, that some Gentlemen scorned

to

to be Knights, whilst another rich Dame would give 1000 *l.* to be Lady-Baronet, that so she might take the Wall of her Grand-*Dame*. But enough concerning *Libels*; you'll find none here, nor any thing struck at but *Sin* and *Folly*; and neither of them are *Ingredients* in the Constitution of true Honour; except Honour can be *Midas'd*, as the Ecclesiastical Fellows do Sins, turn all they can touch to *Gold*, calling it by a *Word* they borrowed from Father *Petre* and *Rome*, *Commuting*, or Commutation of Penance; a *Word* that buys Perriwigs at *Doctors-Commons*, as silly as it is.

And if any Expression of mine (in this Discourse) seem too *airy* sometimes for so *grave* and solemn a Subject, it is neither *forced* nor *affected*, Nature will have its Course.

But it is easier to *pick a Quarrel* than to end it; so it is easier to find *Fault* than to *mend it*: And cannot a Man be *sober* except he be *sad*? nor *grave* except he be *dull*?

Nor have I permitted one *Word* to pass with more *Briskness* of Air or Style than just what was necessary to keep my Reader *awake*; and is not it as *pardonable* (at least) as that dull *Parenthesis* by some Preachers so often inculcated —— *(Do not sleep there)*?

None can expect that my Style should be smooth in the *sinewy* and argumentative Part; it is not to be done.

But, be it as it may, if the Subject-matter be solid and weighty, let my Style shift for it self; I am not fond on't; yet, blunt as it is, I will neither change it with thee, *drowzy Mr. Phlegmatick!* nor yet with thee, *(that sittest frowning and censuring* there, I see thee) *formal Mr. Hypocondriack!*

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL

THE

THE CHARACTER OF A Ceremony-Monger.

CHAP. I.

Concerning Bowing *to the* Altar, *to the* East.

THE Cringes and Bowings of the *Papists* to the Altar, is in Adoration of their *Wafer-God* that sits there (they think) enthroned; and is (by the Homilies of the Church of *England*) frequently styled *Idolatry*, and the Act of a *Fool*.

But the Cringes and Bowings of my *Ceremony-Monger* to the *Altar*, to the *East*, where there is nothing (he must confess, whatever he has *secretly* put there) neither more nor better than what is in the *West*, in the *Belfrey*, or the *Body* of the Church; therefore some call him a Fool; but (like *Merry-Andrew*) though he act like a Fool, he is *more Knave* than *Fool*; and though *my Noddy* pretends that he nods *to* nothing, yet the old *Dotard* does not play the Fool *for* nothing; but he is as well paid for playing the *Coxcomb* in his silly

filly Superſtition, as the *beſt Merry Andrew* of them all. For it is well known what an Influence *Papiſts* had in the three laſt Reigns of Biſhop *Laud*, the two *Caſtlemains*, and Father *Peter*; who not being able to *bring in Popery*, or a Biſhop *Ellis*, into a Proteſtant Church, and Proteſtant Preferment, (the Laws excluding ſuch;) therefore they encouraged any ſilly Superſtition that was a *Quid pro Quo*; and *as like* Popiſh Idolatry, as *Twins* of the ſame Womb.

Thus *putting the Change* upon us, and engroſſing a great many of the Proteſtant Preferments, Honours, and Privileges to *Fellows* that were as like *Papiſts*, and our Churches, and Worſhip, Adorations, and Ceremonies, as like *Popiſh Ceremonies*; and our *Paul*'s, as like St. *Peter*'s, as one Egg is like *another*, to ſee to; though the Yolks within may, perhaps, ſhow ſome little Diſtinction; and a Ceremonious *Arminian* is no right-down *Papiſt*, for if he ſhould, he could not be capable of his high Seat in a Proteſtant Church; and therefore he will rather confeſs himſelf a Fool, in cringeing, like an Aſs, to nothing, than be turn'd out of Church, and the Revenues thereof, by confeſſing that he bows to Things divine, tranſubſtantiated from a ſilly Wafer; and, rather than loſe *his ſoft Place* in Church, or *Senate*, he chooſes rather to confeſs *the ſoft Place in his Head*.

But if you take him really for a *Fool*, you miſtake him vilely; (as I ſaid before) this Eccleſiaſtical *Mountebank* is more Knave than Fool, and bows for ſomething; even when he bows to nothing, he gets Money by't, he gets Money by the Bargain; and though he ſhake his Reverend Noddle, as if it was empty, (by making Reverences to an empty Place) yet he knows why, and wherefore.

For though he ſeems to adore a Non-Entity, you are miſtaken in my Man, for he thereby adores his chiefeſt God, *(Mammon)* and his making fooliſh Legs to the Altar, like an Aſs, was the *ready Road* to make Legs at Court, and be an Eccleſiaſtical *Apuleian* Golden Aſs.

For as a *Coſter-Monger* gets his Living and Eſtate (often a great one) by *vending Trifles* and Trinkets of *his own* Purchaſe, (as Pears, Plums, or Apples) to that Improvement many Times, that he *makes Money* (even) of his *rotten* Ware.

So a *Ceremony-monger* gets his Living and Eſtate (a great one oftentimes) by *trifling Trinkets*, and illegal (as well as)

nonsensical Ceremonies in Religion, (or rather *his own Superstition) of his own* Purchase, or the *Invention* of his private Noddle; to that Improvement many times, that he grows great in the World, and in the Church; and *makes Money* (even) of his *rotten* Ware, especially *in bad Times*.

Risum teneatis? Amici! Come, hold your Sides, and look demurely if you can, (for your very Guts and Spleen) to see a grave Dignitory of the Church, with Tippet and Sattin Cap, a gaudy Cope and Hood (before and behind) nodding his Reverend Head, and making *Reverences* so humble, that his bristly Chin even kisses the Ground (no Antick *Frenchman*, or Father *Peter*, can out-vie the Compliment) in an humble Address to the East, to the Altar; and where there is either something or nothing more than in the Belfry, and in the West, Catechize my Don, (for he has been twice a Child;) come! Ask him, (I say) Does his Ecclesiastical Donship bow and cringe so supplely (notwithstanding his Age) to something, or to nothing?

If he answers—*To something*; then take him Father *Dada*, for he is thine, lift him in the Service and Devotion of thy Wafer-God.

But if he reneages, (because Papists are not capable of a Dignity in the Church of *England)* and is forced to answer, that he bows *to nothing*; then beg him for a Fool, and his richer Dignities; take him *Merry-Andrew*, for he is thine; he is that ridiculous Stager that makes a Fool of himself, to pick up the Pence; and no little neither: For when Popery will not, *cannot*, get up to the Top of the Steeple or Pinacle of the Temple, (where the Devil stood tempting our blessed Saviour with the World and the Glory of it) my Ceremony-monger being possess'd, runs mad to be there: Which since all the Avenues are stopp'd against *Lord Bishop Goddard*, and *bare-faced Popery*, my crafty Ceremony-monger claps a Vizard over the ugly *bare Face*, and passes most religiously for one of the Order, and reverendly, with a Mask, does his Business, and perhaps gets a Mandate,—in a *Mock-Election* of the *Chapter*, which in their Prayers for divine Assistance in the Election, not only *mock themselves*, but, which is infinitely worse, they *mock* the Almighty *God* too, when they pray him to direct them in the Choice of a Fit Man; when he is chosen before to their Hands, and they neither can *will nor chuse*.

If

If you do not yet know my Ceremony-monger, I'll tell you his Name.

His Name is *Legion*, for never was the Herd more numerous, or more poſſeſs'd, ſince the Devil enter'd into the Herd of Swine, and made them run (like mad) violently down Hill, though they are like to periſh in the Waters.

For this *Eccleſiaſtical Hotſpur* (though he) has but a minute *(ſober)* Share of Knowledge, yet he has Zeal *like Mead*; and therefore never admits any heartily into his ſpiritual *Muſter-Roll*, or *Liſt*, but blind Conformiſts, that are preſently *tall Fellows*, and preferred, if they can but readily obey this one Word of Command; *Straiten* your Files, *Follow your File-Leader*.

Thus, *like Horſes in a Team*, they all uniformly *plod* on together, moſt gravely and ſoberly, (with Noſe in his Leaders Hind-parts) and *Showel-Halters*, through thick and thin, at all Adventures, minding nothing *(they, poor Hearts!)* but following the Fore-Horſe, though he go out of the way, as irregularly and illegally, as irrationally, falling into a Slough, but deſperately bent, though not one of them know why, nor wherefore; nor dare ſay, whether they cringe and bow to ſomething, or nothing: For they are forced to whiſper when they ſay, that they cringe to nothing, leaſt the Papiſts (that prefer them) ſhould hear, and then they're ſure to get *nothing*, therefore are forced to ſay nothing, yet nod to nothing.

If I were a *Papiſt*, or *Anthropo-Morphite*, who believes that God ſits enthroned in the *Eaſt*, like a grave *Old King*, I profeſs I would bow and cringe as well as any *Eccleſiaſtical Limber-ham* of them all; and pay my Adoration to that *one Point* of the Compaſs, the *Eaſt*; but if Men believe, that the Holy One, that inhabits Eternity, is alſo *Omnipreſent*, and in every *Place*, why do they not make *correſpondent* Ceremonies of Adoration to *every Point* of the Compaſs?

But I recant my Folly for asking a Ceremony-Monger an honeſt Reaſon of his Cringes, who never (hitherto) could vouch his Supple-ham Worſhip to the Altar, to the Eaſt, &c. except (as aforeſaid) in Adoration of *Mammon*, his God.

But I'll be poſitive, and dogmatical in nothing of this Nature; I'll forſwear nothing but building of Churches, after I have firſt pull'd them down; as one did (a certain Chapel)

in the Memory of Man, becauſe the Chancel ſtood *Eaſt and by Nore* a little ſideling, whereas it ſhould have ſtood better due *Eaſt*; that (with one Cringe) he might bow to the Altar, and the Eaſt alſo; he was the wiſer, for ſo he kills two Birds *with one Stone*; and one ſingle Bow (by this laborious Regulation) will ſerve to the Altar, and the Eaſt alſo; ſo to eaſe his unweildy Body, he puniſhes his Purſe by Eccleſiaſtical Policy, (called) Commutation: O the Wit of an Eccleſiaſtical Politician! But *Fortuna favet fat*— Fortune favours *fat Folks*; a poor Man might have been beggar'd by ſuch a Venture; but the old Dotard (Mr. *Superſtitious Noddy* was his Name,) made Stairs of the Chapel Stones, and ſo got up to the Top of *Paul*'s. But let the Ceremony-monger, by his Foppery, grow never ſo great, he is *paid in his own Coin*; for, in Requital, his only *Adorers* are Women and Fops; or ſuch as love any thing that is great, only *becauſe it is great*: May they not, by the ſame Reaſon, adore an Aſs's Head, with *flapping Luggs*, for they alſo are *great*, very great.

Thus the *Hygen-Dutchman* got Money, being carried about from *Fair to Fair*, amongſt the Fops that admired his Brawny Bulk, the Reſult of *Bacon*, and the *Butter-Box*.

The greateſt Ingenuity of my Ceremony-monger, is, *that* of an Ape, (*viz.*) Imitation, or *Mimickry)* for the Monkey has indeed ſomething of the Viſage and Reſemblance of a Man, (and ſo has the Ceremony-monger's Worſhip the *Face* of Religion and *Devotion)* but both of them wants *Reaſon*, and therefore the *more abominable*, and *of all Brutes*, moſt odious to rational Men:

Simia quam ſimilis (turpiſſima Beſtia) nobis?

Of Brutes, none are *ſo loathſome* as the Ape,
Wanting Man's Soul, he only has Man's *Shape*.

But ſuch is the Force of Mimickry amongſt Fops, that it is far more eaſy to make a cringing dancing Aſs, than a dancing Horſe in our Academy; but the Miſchief is, there is ſo many of them, they are not a *Rarce-Show*; they are ſo *common*, that it will not quit Coſt to carry them about, and ſhow them at *Sturbridge-Fair*, or *Bartholomew-Fair*.

Come,

Come, Friends! You ſhall ſee one of the Youngſters (the *Foal* of a cringing Aſs,) for nothing.

Come to your Poſtures, *Lad!* Hold up thy Head, and in thy Chin, thy Breaſt out, and thy Belly in: Now, *your Reverences*;—well done; face about again, *down*, I ſay, *cloſe* down—to the *Eaſt*, to the *Altar*, &c. well done; *there's Hopes in thee*, thou may'ſt come to be a tall Man in the Church, in Time, if this Trade do but hold.

For my Ceremony-monger is an Eccleſiaſtical *Thomas Anello*, (or corruptly and vulgarly) *Maſanello*, a deſpicable Tool to look on, take him out of his Robes, as *ſilly* a Fiſher *as Heart can wiſh*; and yet he may grow great by as trivial Occaſions, the ſcrambling for a little rotten Ware (Nuts and Apples) in *Midſummer Moons*, when the People run mad, and are oppreſs'd.

But the worſt is, this Beaſt of the People is ſoon abuſed, and ſoon diſabuſed, and is ſeldom long and quietly (in *England*) beſtrid (I will not ſay Prieſt-ridden) by Fops; they are apt as ſuddenly to play a *Jade*'s Trick; and after they have Huzza'd *loud Hoſanna*'s one Day, ſoon after ready enough, upon a contrary Provocation, to cry, *Crucifigite, Crucifigite.*

Yet the *Fool Maſanello* truſted to the unſteady Populace (which made him inſolent and inſufferable, *proud and moroſe*) till the *ſame Mouths* that cry'd him *up*, ſoon after were ready *to eat him*; dragging him at a Horſe's Tail, whom ten Days before, they cry'd up to the Skies; they would have done *the ſame* to a Broom-ſtaff, if it could but have ſtood them in ſtead, or could help to withſtand the *Gabells* and Oppreſſion; but the Fool thought that the People adored his (own) Worth, which made the Fool *inſufferably petulant*, and was his Ruin.

Yet (after all) *now* that I better bethink my ſelf, and that ſeven Years ago (in my *Black Nonconformiſt*) I did (in vain) waſh this *Æthiope*, I'll even *compound* the Buſineſs with my Ceremony-monger.

And becauſe he has been many times a *topping Eccleſiaſtical Fellow*, proud and Stomachfull, uncontroulable, and *wilful*; right or wrong, he will have his *Will*, his Swing, and his *Way*, (let who will *ſtand in his Way*;) therefore ſince he ſays, *He will ſtill bow like a Fop to nothing* (for he dare not ſay the Wafer is *there hid* (ſlyly) *under the Carpet*

Carpet, nor yet that God is *more there* than *every where*; yet) I'll *grant him a Licenſe* upon two Conditions.

Firſt, That he never ſhake his empty Noddle at the Altar, but when it is *cover'd with a Cap*, (a Sattin Cap to chuſe) the more decently *to hide the ſoft Place* in his Head.

Secondly, That alſo then he hide the *Popiſh Face* of Adoration, by putting on a *Proteſtant Vizor-Maſque*, not only that his Bluſhes be not viſible, *(a brazen Face may do that)* but to *cover* the Popiſh Phyſiognomy, leſt the undiſcerning and ſuperficial Judgments of the rude Vulgar, *ſpy it, and nothing elſe*; (for they ſearch not the inſide) and conſequently handle him, *as if he really were* a Popiſh Prieſt; his *Cope*, his *Hood*, his *Surplice*, his *cringing Worſhip*, his *Altar* with *Candles* on it, (moſt nonſenſically *unlighted* too) his *Bagpipes* or *Organs*, and in ſome Places, Viols and *Violins*, ſinging Men, and *ſinging Boys*, &c. are all *ſo very like* Popery, (and all but the *Veſtments* illegal) that I proteſt, when I came in 1660 firſt from beyond Sea to *Paul's*, and *Whitehall*, I could ſcarce think my ſelf to be in *England*, but in *Spain* or *Portugal* again, I ſaw ſo little Difference, but that their *Service* was in *Latin*, and ours in *Engliſh*; but leſs intelligible, and leſs *edifying*; (for one half thereof) then *Latin*, by reaſon of the *Inarticulate Boatus and Braying*, whilſt all the People read *half the Pſalms*, with a Noiſe as confuſed as the *rumbling Thunder* (as I will prove more particularly by and by) that any Man in the World, that had ſeen *High Maſs* beyond Sea, muſt ſay, That the Contrivance of both was to keep People in *Ignorance*, the *Mother of Devotion*. *Faith comes by Hearing*, (ſaith the Scripture) but the *Papiſt* and Ceremony-monger, make as though it comes by *Seeing*, they are *all for a Show*, a vain Show. And ſhall not thoſe that *ſin before all*, be *rebuked before all*? That all may learn, and all may be comforted?

But may ſome ſay to me, perhaps, That I talk *very boldly*; Why, do I? And do you think *in your Conſcience*, that they do not *ſin more boldly*?

There is a *ſinful Baſhfulneſs* (in being loth to reprove) as well as *an impudent Sinner*, and a Whore's Forehead: And ſhall a brazen Ceremony monger *dare* to tranſgreſs the Laws of God and Man, and right Reaſon: And is there *not a Man* (amongſt us all) that has Courage enough to attack him?

Let

Let him huff like a blaſphemous *Goliah*, I fear him not; I were young and in my Prime) much leſs *now*, when re are *ſo few Sands* in the Hour-Glaſs of my Life *yet to out*, by the Courſe of Nature; the greateſt Wrath can recipitate *but a few Minutes*; dye we muſt, and can *any Man* die or *ſuffer in a better* Quarrel, than in vindicating he Laws of God and the King, in ſpite of the Pope in *Italy*, or any other *in his Likeneſs*.

CHAP. II.

Of Implicite Faith.

THAT Man has neither Worth nor Honour in him, that does not truly love and honour a *Perſon of Honour*, and true Vertue and Worth; and ſo much the more, for the *Grandeur*; but to idolize and adore a meer Image, becauſe a great and golden Image, and becauſe *(Nebuchadnezzar)* the King ſet it up, What is it but Popery, Idolatry, or Flattery, or Foppery? I know not how to abſolve the Princes, in *Dan.* iii. 3. the Governors, *the Judges*, the Treaſurers, the Counſellors, *(wiſe Fellows!)* and the Sheriffs, when they adored the Golden Image, which *Nebuchadnezzar* the King had ſet up; though, I confeſs, being ſixty Cubits high, as high as the Top of the Steeple, it made a *great Figure* in the World.

And what can my Ceremony-monger ſay more for himſelf, than that great and golden Image? Both of them have a great Face and Bulk, but want Reaſon for their ſtanding, and are dumb and blind.

For my Ceremony-monger in the Church (I am *in good earneſt*, and in ſober Sadneſs, telling a woful Truth, which has almoſt ruin'd our Church) does almoſt *all his great Acts* in the Church (like the Papiſts) by *blind Devotion and implicit Faith.*

Is there any to be admitted into the ſacred Function of Prieſthood? (who ought to be *apt and fit* for ſo Great, ſo Holy,

Holy, and so Divine an Office; otherwise, *the Contempt of the Clergy*, and a contemptible Clergy, is the *necessary* and sad *Consequence)* yet this is *huddled up* by implicite Faith in *Mr. Archdeacon*, or some *easy* Deputy, or *Surrogate:* The Bishop that Ordains is not obliged to know any thing of the Matter, but goes *upon Trust* for all, in that *great* Work of *Ordination*, as you may see in the Words of Ordination, in *the Common-Prayer-Book*; all is *done* (I said before) *by Implicite Faith*, as the Papists call it; but this more silly than Popery; for it is more rational to believe as Church believes, than to believe as a silly Surrogate believes.

Is there a Man to be *thrown out* of the Church? This is done by Implicite Faith too, in an easy Surrogate, and *Sell-Soul Register*, that, perhaps, has not paid the last Payment for his Place, and Money must be had; whereas, the Bishop that *signifies it*, knows nothing of the Matter, nor of the Proceedings, or Proofs; *but by Implicite Faith* in the Register's *Certificavit*, as aforesaid; and then the Judges grant *a Capias* by Implicite Faith too in his Hand, that knows nothing of the Matter, (neither) of his own Knowledge.

Is not here fine Doings the while, in the greatest of Church Works? The *out and in*, the in and out, is all *by an Implicite Faith*, more irrational than that of Papists.

Nay, the *poor Parson* of the Parish must neither *will nor choose*, but must, *in pain of the Law*, *Excommunicate*, and deliver to Satan, any Body, that the Register's Hand and Seal marks out with an *Anathema*, by meer *Implicite Faith* in *Pope-sell-Soul* (the Register). So when the Devil and the Jaylor has worried him, and tortured him (as they do suspected Witches) ('till they confess) and he be willing to *say or do* any thing, to get out of the Tormentor's Clutches, and the excommunicated Person *humble enough* to open his Purse to *Mr. Register*, poor Parson must absolve him *again*, *by the old and Implicite Faith* in the Register.

In *Confirmation* too, all is done by *Implicite Faith* in the Parish-Priest; nay, usually, not so well, but *Hand over Head*, to all that kneels for it, though some of them, *to my Knowledge*, were never Baptized, nor can *yet* say the Creed so well as it is possible to teach a *Parrot*; nor understanding one Article thereof much better than a Parrot. *Here is fine Doings!* And a rare Constitution to fight for, Tooth and Nail, Swear and Forswear, *by a blind Devotion*, and Implicite

cite Faith, and ſcarce a Man knows *wherefore*; But no Kettles make ſo great a Sound and Noiſe, as thoſe that are empty.

But when Men *go out* of God's Way, the *further and faſter* they go, the further and faſter they *go aſtray*.

The very Diſciples of Chriſt (as well as *Popiſh Prieſts* and Cardinals) fell to *Juſtling one another* (even in the Preſence) for the Place, the chief *and uppermoſt*; but our Lord told them, they behaved themſelves more like worldly Princes than his Diſciples; ſaying, *It ſhall not be ſo amongſt you.*

Pride ſays, *It ſhall be ſo*; but will my Ceremony-monger, *on his Death-bed*, and at the tremendous *Judgment-Seat*, *ſay ſo*, as he does *now*; in ſpight of *Chriſt and his Word*? I am *your humble Servant*, ſays the Pope; nay, your Servants Servant, *Servus Servorum*, yet *Lucifer* himſelf is not prouder.

Dear Brother, ſays a Popiſh Biſhop, in his Style to the reſt of the Presbyters, when at the ſame Time he makes *no more of them* than a meer *Pavement*, in State to walk upon and *trample*; Money *too*, the pooreſt Prieſt muſt give his *Highneſs*, though the Family at home want Bread: Nay, the poor Sheep muſt not bleat neither, but though clipt *twice a Year*, like Sheep before Sheerers, *they muſt be dumb*; ſo open they not the Mouth; yet I told the Outlandiſh Biſhops, ſeven Years ago, of this unconſcionable Avarice, to as little Purpoſe, *in my Naked Truth*, ſaying, I have read, that *Pharaoh's Lean Kine* eat up the *Fat* ones, but for the *Fat* to eat up *the Lean*, 'tis moſt unconſcionable; have a care of *Bare bones*, leſt they ſtick in your Throat, or in *your*—(What ſhall I call thee?) *Eccleſiaſtical Greedy gut!* You'll never leave your Gormandizing, *'till you ſurfeit*, I fear.

This is the true Reaſon of *Implicite Faith* in *Italy*, and *England*; Biſhops gape at more than they can ſwallow; in ſpite of that terrible Thunder—*Their Blood will I require at the Watchman's Hand*— They take a *Charge* upon them, that no Fleſh alive can *diſcharge*; Biſhops and Curates (ſays the Common-Prayer) implying, that we of the ſmall Fry, are *only Journeymen*, or Curates to the Biſhop; well, *with all my Heart*, the greater Charge lies heavy on his Soul.

No, (he may ſay) though I cannot be *here and there too*, yet I have Journeymen *every where*; I muſt, *by Implicite*

Faith, believe my Journeyman, my Proctor, my Surrogate, and my Regiſter; but in Requital, they alſo *by Implicite Faith*, believe me.

Is not here rare Doings? And all this Inconvenience came at firſt only by Avarice and Ambition, which a whole Dioceſs, and ſometimes a Deanery, and a rich *Commendam* added thereunto, could not glut; well, that's as to the Wages, if they were twice as big, one Man can make a ſhift to ſwallow, yea, but as for the Work, it is impoſſible to ſuperintend, or Epiſcopize, with one pair of Eyes; then came (firſt) into the Church, *Implicite Faith* in their Journey-men, and of all Journey-men, chiefly, the *Arch-Deacon*'s called *Oculi Epiſcoporum*; there are but five Pair of ſuch great Implicite Eyes in our Dioceſs; and if they could ſee without Spectacles, they would be the better Eyes, I think: But the Proſpect is too far, all over the *Dioceſs* for one Biſhop to ſee or ſuperintend; but who made that Proſpect ſo large? *Parœcia*, a Pariſh, by our ancient Canons, ſignifies a *Dioceſs*, and a Dioceſs was no larger than a Pariſh, 'till Popiſh Avarice, and boundleſs Ambition taught Pluralities.

A good Biſhop (if he keep in his Bounds) as the *King's Commiſſioner* (not fancying that he *has, or can have any New* Spiritual Character, or greater Spiritual Character than of a Presbyter, as appears by the Words of Ordination (of both of them) *the ſame*, the very ſame, in all *Eſſential* Points; only the King's *Mandate*, or Commiſſion, gives him an *Eccleſiaſtical Character* more than he had, and a *Temporal Character*, by making him a *Baron* of the Realm, with Lands and Honours annex'd; and not *one Jot too much*, if he make good Uſe thereof, in Hoſpitality, Charity, and ſomewhat too *as an Umbrage againſt Contempt*; the Wages are well enough beſtow'd, if he be fit for the Place, pious, prudent, and learned; and he has as lawful a Claim and *Title* to them, from his Predeceſſors, as other Lords or Corporations; and cannot, without great Injuſtice, (as well as *dangerous Precedent*) be bereaved of them; Who, but a Fool, will go about to remove Groundſells, and fundamental Conſtitutions?

But *his Work* is ſo great, and the neceſſary Qualifications ſo Eminent and Extraordinary, that *no one Man is fit* for ſo great a Charge; and thoſe that are fitteſt, will ſcarcely accept

cept it, the Temporal Honours and Rewards are no Temptation to them.

For a Bishop ought not to Ordain any, 'till he has first *by his own Examination and Knowledge*, found their Fitness for so great and holy a Work: *Not* trusting by *Implicite Faith* to Mr. Archdeacon, nor Mr. *Deacon's Deputy*.

And how can he *with a safe Conscience*, deliver a Soul to the Devil by an Anathema, when he *knows nothing* of the Nature of the *Crime* nor *Proof*? except by *blind Devotion*, or Implicite Faith in the Register and Surrogate, Mr. *Necessity*? (so Men call him) *because he has no Law*.

So that the grand Distempers of our Church, do all proceed from *this Original Sin*, radical in our Constitution; and no Art of Man can cure it, or save us from a *contemptible* Clergy, and *more despicable* (as well as prophane) *Discipline*, but by applying Remedies *to the very Constitution*, which is neither incurable, nor hard to cure, if wise and willing Physicians do but use their Skill.

When *Boy-Popes*, and *Boy-Bishops*, or ignorant and unlearned *Bishops*, by Favour, Money, or Friends, were advanced; they neither durst *attempt* to examine a Scholar's Fitness for the holy Function, *nor could do it*, without betraying their own Unfitness and Ignorance; which begot Archdeacons, they *served for Eyes* to the Blind, and at general Councils, usually for *Mouths* and *Tongue*, and *Brains* too. The Dotage of Bishop *Alexander*, brought Archdeacon *Athanasius* into the first Council of *Nice*, which brought him into *Request*, and when the old Man died, into the *Bishoprick* (also) of *Alexandria*.

But above all the Implicite *Faith-Men*, (I ever read) have my Commendations remember'd to the Pope, in the Words of Cardinal *Bellarmine*, lib. 4. *de Romano Pontifice*, cap. 5. *Si papa erraret præcipiendo vitia, vel prohibendo virtutes, teneretur Ecclesia credere vitia esse bona, & virtutes malas, nisi vellet contrà Conscientiam peccare*: If the Pope err (*that's a Bull too*, good Cardinal, *as wise as you are*) by commanding Vice, and prohibiting Virtue, yet the Church is bound to believe, that Vice is good, and Virtue evil; except the Church sin wilfully, and against Conscience.

Even so; if a Bishop, *by implicite Faith and Error*, Ordain a vicious, or ignorant Person, a Priest, or Bishop, and Madam *Portsmouth*, or Father *Peter*, help him to a *Pre-*

ſentation, or *Mandate*, (every thing may be done that has been done) or ſhould *ſilence* a vertuous Preacher, yet the Pariſh or Dioceſe *muſt*, (I ſay,) *muſt* accept him for their ſpiritual *Shepherd*, *Guide*, and Watchman; though he be never ſo *blind a Guide*, never ſo *wolfiſh*, or cruel a *Shepherd*; never ſo dull and *drowzy a Watchman*, or Reading-Don, or *Copy-holding* Plagiary; except they will be wilful Sinners; though *he ſtarve their Souls*, they muſt feed *him* with the *Tythe-ſheaf*, *and the Tythe-pig*.

He's not fit to be *call'd to the Bar*, that can but *juſt read* his Breviat, though he tell the Judge he has notable Books in his Study, that argue the Caſe, and ſtate it notably; but he carries them not about, never in his Head.

Nor is he fit to be *a Fellow in the College* of Phyſicians, becauſe *Galen* and *Hypocrates* lies moulding in his Study; nor is he fit to be free of the Pulpit, that if his Sermon-Book *fall down* out of his Hand, muſt *alſo come down as wiſe* (a Man) *as when he went up*; let the Curtain fall down too, and the Play's at an End; good Night, *Parſon*.

But all Preachers have not Memory, nor Elocution, and Preſence of Mind: No, no; but then, there's a good Thraſher, or a good Cobler ſpoil'd, to make a bad Parſon, a poor Tranſcriber, and dull Tranſlator; whoſe Character next follows.

CHAP. III.

Of the Reading-Dons of the Pulpit.

THIS Eccleſiaſtical Sophiſter, is a true Son of the Church of *England*, (that ever was) and devoted to her Service, (as in Duty bound,) for ſhe gave him freely all the Devotion he has, namely, the Common-prayer-Book, and the Homilies; which are very good Things to all, but to him a God, (a Creator) by which, as a Church-man, (though as lean and cadaverous as a Church-Mouſe,) he lives, and moves, and has his Being.

But,

But, as true a Son of the Church as he is, yet he is a Baſtard-Divine, but made a Denizon Eccleſiaſtick, and free of the Church by the King, and (notwithſtanding his ſpurious Original) Legitimated, and made capable of Succeſſion in Church-Lands, Honours, and Dignities, by Act of Parliament, *viz.* the Act of Uniformity in *England*; in *England*, (I ſay,) for in the whole Proteſtant World, that Act has no Parallel, nor this Fellow (I characterize) any Fellow in the whole Chriſtian World, but ſuch as himſelf; he is a None-ſuch all the World over, in all Churches, except what he calls, (and he may well ſpeak well of her) the moſt incomparable Church of *England*; not only the Proteſtants all the World over, but the very Papiſts, nay, the very Stage-Players would kick him out, the very Boys and Wenches there; nay, School-Boys muſt ſay their Parts better, or they are ſure to be whip'd for't.

Nay, the Stage-Players would have no Cuſtomers (except they could get Penal Laws, and a Conſtable, a Jaylor, and Apparitor, to drive them by Shoals to the Play-Houſe) if they ſhould admit any ſuch dull Tools and Actors, that could not ſay a Word without Book; but muſt read every Word they ſay, or elſe they are dumb: For, take away the Play-Book, or Notes, and they are mute as a Fiſh; the Play is at an End, though you have paid your Money: Some ſmall Note indeed, or Prompter, the beſt may need ſometimes, or ſome Breviate: Even ſo my Reading-Don-Eccleſiaſtical is a Noteleſs Fellow without his Notes, and worſe than an Aſs, (for he can bray without Book,) nay, worſe than a Peacock, for he can yawl againſt Rain; but this gay Fowl has nothing that ſpeaks him divine, but his gay Out-ſide.

The Prophet *Ezekiel* calls him *Dumb Dog*, that cannot bark; meaning not that theſe dumb Prophets, or dumb Dogs, had no Tongue, and could make no barking Noiſe; but, when he ſeeth the Sword, or a Thief coming, he giveth no Warning, but being ſenſeleſs and noteleſs, is therefore a dumb Dog.

For he, poor Heart! has his Leſſon before him, there is his Stint, like a Horſe in a Mill; he cannot go out of the Track, if he does, he muſt leave work: If the Notes drop out of the Pulpit, or the Candles go out, or the Spectacles fall from his Noſe, or a dark Day, or any ſuch woful Diſaſter befal him, his Buſineſs is done, he needs no Biſhop to

ſilence

ſilence him: Come, Sir, you may (even) come down, out of the Pulpit, the Play is done.

Nay, his very Prayers to Almighty God in the Pulpit, he is glad to read them too, except, perhaps, he has (like a Parrot) got a few Words by rote, which all the People of the Church can ſay as well as himſelf; for, like a Turn-ſpit Dog in a Wheel, he keeps ado, but makes no Progreſs.

For (alas! for Shame and Sorrow!) how ſhould he ſpeak to God, who is a Spirit, from his Heart or Spirit; or to the People's Hearts, that never had any Divinity in his Head or Heart? It is ſufficient that he has it in the Book of Homilies, or in his Notes *(ſtylo novo)* of another Sermon-book, that is more in Vogue and Uſe, becauſe more adapted to our preſent Language and Age.

Stole! ſaid I, he'll bring his Action againſt me, of *Scandalum magnatum*, perhaps; but I'll prevent him, for I recant.

He did not ſteal his Sermon, nor Sermon Notes, for they were his own, upon a double Account; Firſt, becauſe he lawfully bought and paid for them, Sixpence a-piece; witneſs the Bookſeller: Secondly, becauſe all the Sermons in Print are dedicated to him; *To the Reader*, —— All — *To the Reader*, and ſometimes, (to coaks him out of Sixpence) *To the courteous Reader.*

If Parents have a Ricketty Son, and crook'd-legg'd, he'll ſerve to make a Parſon, his Caſſock will hide his Legs: Is the poor Child pur-blind alſo? He'll ſerve to make a Parſon, (ſay his Parents) if he have but Eye enough to ſpy *Advent Sunday*, the Day of the Month, and the firſt and ſecond Leſſons for the Day. Is he a half-witted Lad? He'll ſerve, (poor Child) ſay his Parents, well enough for the Pulpit, if he do but hold his Notes to his pur-blind Eyes, it is but holding them the cloſer, and the Buſineſs is done; eſpecially if his Parents or Friends ſcrape Acquaintance with a Patron, (I know how) or buy an Advowſon.

And then make room for the Parſon, a true Son of the Church: Why do you ſmile? It is too ſerious, too great, and too diſmal a Truth, to draw Tears from your Eyes by laughing; you have more Cauſe to be weeping *Jeremies*, and make Lamentations at ſo miſchievous a Conſtitution of a Church, in making Watchmen that are blind, and lame; being Ordain'd into Holy Orders by blind implicite Faith; which

which we all condemn in the Papists, but in the Church of *England* draw a new Scene, and it is received with Applause: Oh poor *English!* A foolish People, and unwise, though the most courageable and best Hearts, as well as the most plain-hearted Nation under Heaven.

You think (now) that this is a Romance, and not literally true; well then, so let it go; 'tis so much the fitter for his Character of a Ceremony-monger, which is all a Romance.

A Romance! What's that? It comes from *Roma*, *Rome*, the Ground and Platform of the truest and best Histories of Truth; and the Scene of the greatest Acts the Sun ever saw.

And a Romance is as like a true Roman History, as my Ceremony-monger is like a Papist; he is not a Papist, (he says,) no, he is not a bare-faced Papist, I'll do him right; but he is as like a Papist, and his Devotion as like Popery as ever it can look: He does not say the Mass indeed in Latin, but his Hood, his Cope, his Surplice, his Rocket, his Altar rail'd in, his Candles, and Cushions, and Book thereon, his bowing to it, his bowing (or rather nodding) at the Name *Jesu*, his Organs, his Violins, his Singing-Men, his Singing-Boys, with their alternate Jabbering and Mouthings, (as unintelligible as Latin Service,) and so very like Popery, that I profess, (when I came from beyond Sea, about the Year 1660, to *Paul*'s and *Whitehall*) I almost thought (at first Blush) that I was (still) in *Spain* or *Portugal*; only the Candles on our Altars (most nonsensically) stand unlighted, to signify, What? The Darkness of our Noddles, or to tempt the Chandlers to turn (downright) Papists, as the more suitable Religion for their Trade; for ours mocks them, feeds them with Hopes only; he gapes and stares to see the lucky Minute when the Candles should be lighted, but he is cheated, for they do not burn out in an Age.

But the Foppery is Homogeneal, all of a Piece, foolish and illegal Ceremonies all over; only my Ceremony-monger has got Law of his Side for his Surplice, and his Common-Prayers, which are both very good Things: And though, perhaps, he may be perswaded to part with the former, if you take away the latter, *viz.* the Common-Prayer-Book, ye had as good cut out his Tongue; nay, even sow up his Mouth also, for he has no Occasion for it, nor for his Teeth neither, for his Body must starve, and be as lean and jejune as his Soul: Therefore, as you love his Life and Soul,

let

let him have his Common-Prayer-Book, or elſe his Curate will have nothing in the World to do, but muſt be forced to turn Sexton; Why ſhould not the Dead bury the Dead? The dead in Sin, bury the Dead for Sin; to ſo lifeleſs and ſpiritleſs a Thing is Religion reduced by my Ceremony-monger; nay, ſome of them in their pretended Prayer before Sermon, do mock both God and the People, praying, or pretending to pray as the Mouth of the People in the Pulpit, and yet, (like good *Hannah*'s private Prayer) their Lips only move, but their Voice is not heard.

Old *Heli* thought the good Woman was drunk, or a Fool, to talk to herſelf; but ſhe deſign'd only private Prayer.

But certainly this Maſter of the Ceremonies, is either a Fop, or a Mad-man, or elſe takes all the People for Fops of his own making, to have only a handſome Gaze at the Parſon, whilſt he acts his Mummery in the Pulpit.

Why does the Pulpit ſtand aloft? But that the Preacher ſhould lift his Voice like a Trumpet, that all the Church may hear, or elſe, What does he do there? The Papiſts indeed do vindicate Pictures in Churches, as being the Lay-Man's Hiſtory, though he know not a Letter in the Book, his Eyes may read by ſeeing a Picture; and thus my Ceremony-monger brings up his Fops in Ignorance, and ignorant Devotion; they know nothing of the Matter, and cannot ſay *Amen* to they know not what; it's no matter for that, for (juſt like Popiſh Maſs, called *Secreta*, which the Prieſt mumbles to himſelf, ſo) our foppiſh Ceremony-monger, that muſt be like a Popiſh Prieſt, (or elſe, perhaps, he had never come to ſo high a Pulpit and Place in the Church) he muſt mumble too his Prayers (though in Pulpit) to himſelf, becauſe 'tis juſt as the Popiſh Prieſts do, (that make) as if the People need not pray, nor believe; the Prieſt prays for them, and believes for them; keep them blind, ſays the Prieſt, and then you may lead them by the Noſe, which Way you pleaſe: Oh poor *Engliſh* Fops! more hypocritical Knave than a Fool.

And I am the more apt to believe it now, becauſe the mumbling Hypocrites never mumbled ſo much and ſo long in the Pulpit-Prayer before Sermon, as now-a-days in this Juncture and Revolution in the Kingdom, and Change in the Throne.

And

And to pray for their ſacred Majeſties, our Sovereign Lord and Lady, King *William* and Queen *Mary*, they are ſuch Strangers to this, that he chuſes rather not to pray at all, in his own Prayer before Sermon; or not at all to be heard, till ſuch Time, as it may be gueſs'd, he had done it to himſelf, talking (as they ſay Witches do) to himſelf in the Pulpit; moſt prophanely mocking God and the People, by pretending to ſpeak, when he only mumbles with his Lips; for if his Voice be heard, the crafty Hypocrite thinks that ſome Body will tell (becauſe his Tongue tells) who he is for: Whereas now the Fox lies learing and lurching, to ſee which King will get the better, and then (and not till then) he will declare himſelf; and in the Interim, this Ambo-dexter reſerves himſelf; for he is true to no Intereſt, nor to any Religion, but that which moſt tends to the Advancement of his only God, *Mammon*, and his Curate only runs the Riſque, in praying for King *William*, and Queen *Mary*.

In ſhort, (for I am quite tired and ſick of him) his Church-Work is juſt like his Church-Clock, moved extraneouſly by outward Weights, Wheels, Springs, or Plummets, but has no inward or ſpiritual Life or Motion; ſuch is his Prayers, ſuch his Sermons, (though he have a Budget-full) dead, dull, ſpiritleſs, lifeleſs Devotion; he never converts any Man, except to ſilly Ceremonies, becauſe himſelf is not converted to any thing elſe; his Words die before they reach the Heart of his Hearers: For how can they well come to the Heart of his Auditors, when they never came in, nor from his own Head nor Heart; he is the great Stock-Logg of the Church, that has neither Fire nor Heat within, the little he has is all outſide, ſuperficial, and without: It takes up a great deal of *Rome* indeed, but 'tis good for nothing in the World, but the Dunghil; he is that Salt that has quite loſt its Savour, if ever he had any, and good for nothing but to *be trodden under Foot of Men*; and reliſh'd by none but ſuch as have loſt their Taſte, or never had any.

I'll tell you how you may be quit of this Eccleſiaſtick Copyholder; all his Tenure and Title to the Pulpit is Copyhold, get but his Notes or his Copies from him, and the Pulpit will not hold him, he muſt come down and hire a Journeyman of more Skill, if any ſuch can be had for Money, ſo to debaſe himſelf to be Surrogate to a rich Fop, that with his ſilk Caſſock and ſcarlet Hood, runs away with

the Gains, whilſt poor Thread-bare Crape takes all the Pains.

Yet, even theſe are ſcarce to be had, for Love or Money; for the Ceremony-monger has ſo polluted the Fountains of Learning, the Univerſities, that where ſhall a Man ſooner meet with noiſy Impudence, and gingling Nonſenſe, (a ſounding Braſs, and tinkling Cymbal) then in the two great St. *Maries* Pulpits in the Univerſities?

So that if God be not the more merciful, and their ſacred Majeſties the more careful of their Academies, the Generality of the Clergy muſt be like the Scribes and Phariſees, (in our Saviour's Time) painted Sepulchres, gay without, fine Ornaments without, but within, nothing but Rottenneſs and dead Men's Bones.

Juſt as we were in the Church of *England*, (I remember) fifty Years ago, in the Reign of that great Maſter of Ceremonies, little Doctor *Laud*, that did ſo diſcountenance lively and edifying Sermons, or almoſt any Sermons; that a Man muſt have travell'd for it, and far too, if he heard any thing but the Common-Prayer and Organs, above four Times in a Year. Indeed, now there is ſo many Sermons in print, that we have plenty in the Pulpit, though generally ſuch diſcrepant, heterogeneous, and immethodical Stuff, at being compoſed of ſeveral printed Sermons, a Patch here, and a Patch there deſcribed, that they are like a Beggar's Coat, or a Taylor's Cloak-bag, made up of party-coloured Liſts and Patches; they are ſo diſcompoſed by the Plagiary, in wiſe Prudence, like a Thief, that takes by-Roads, for fear of being known, purſued, found out, and taken by the Hue-and-Cry.

Therefore, this Plagiary-Reader, conſcious of Guilt, diſguiſes all Diſcovery, if poſſible, like the crafty Hare, that makes falſe Steps and Doubles in the Snow, when ſhe is near her Form, for fear of being track'd by her Steps, and traced.

Thus this chattering Jay has nothing good about him, but the gay Feathers; his Carcaſs is worth nothing, but to dung the Land; ſo that the Church, you ſee, can breed Vermin, as well as the Barn.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of Reading the Pſalms, Te Deum, Athanaſius's *Creed*, &c. *alternately, every other Verſe, by the People.*

THIS is ſuch another nonſenſical Ceremony, that it is Point blank againſt Holy Scripture, as well as againſt Reaſon and Edification; and neither Canon of the Church, nor Rubrick, or Rule in the Common-Prayer-Book, to vouch it, and puniſhable therefore, by the Act of Uniformity.

If ſo, then where is the Brains (you'll ſay) of all our Ceremony mongers? Where do you ſay? They are there where they always were, but never conſulted in any of theſe illegal and ſilly Ceremonies; further then, Whether are they like Popiſh Ceremonies? That's the Teſt, that's the Teſtimonial that firſt gave them Entrance into a Proteſtant Church; and the Papiſts finely laugh at us, and deride us, for being their Apes; (as I have heard the Popiſh Friars beyond Sea jear at us for the Mimickry) grave *Engliſh* Noddles, that have no other Reaſon, nor Religion, for what they do, but that they are the Pope's Baboons, in ſpite of Holy Scripture, right Reaſon, true Religion, and the Laws of the Kingdom.

The next Step may be, (if this be ſuffered,) that the People ſhall read one Half of the Chapters too; and then, though the Vulgar cannot be kept altogether from hearing the Scripture, they ſhall be debarr'd one half: In Time, we may go further, we are juſt in the Popiſh Road, that debars the Vulgar from the whole Scriptures.

Read but the 1 *Cor.* 14. 11. 23, 26, 31, 33. For, (ſaith St. *Paul)* in that, 1 *Cor.* 14. 11. *If I know not the Meaning of the Voice, I ſhall be unto him that ſpeaketh a Barbarian, and he that ſpeaketh, ſhall be a Barbarian unto me.*

Here is a plain Scripture againſt this confuſed Noiſe, no Man can know the Meaning of a Voice that is not articulate;

But what cares a Ceremony-monger for Scripture? Give him his God, give him his *Mammon*, give him his popish Mimickry; but whilst he makes himself a popish Ape, he makes dull *Englishmen* both Apes and Asses.

All the Reason that ever any of them can give for this profane Folly, is, That the Singing Boys do it, and the great Heads do it, and therefore, the silly People, like the Papists, say, Must not we believe and practice as the Church believes and practices? Meaning by the Church, the Clergy, the rich, the great, and the gay Clergy.

We talk of hating Popery in *Italy*, we do well; but not a Jot better for us, if we follow the same implicite Faith in *England*, that the *Italians* do in *Rome*.

Thus the Prophets prophecy falsely, and the Priests bear Rule by their Means.

Let all Things be done to edifying, (saith the Apostle) and ye may all prophecy, (or read,) for if Reading be not preaching or prophecying, we have abundance of dumb Prophets, (if it be not a Bull) in *England*, 1 *Cor.* 14. 31. *Ye may all prophecy* (read or preach) *one by one, that all may learn, and all may be comforted*; implying evidently, that there can be no Learning, no Comfort, no Edification, in our confused and babbling Superstition; which is just like the Gossips Chat, where all Tongues wag, and all are Preachers, and no Hearers.

Since therefore, God is not the Author of this Confusion, neither Law, Canon, Edification, Rubrick, Reason, Act of Uniformity, Religion, nor Scripture, to vouch it, but point blank against all these, tell me how it came here; except from the Devil and the Pope. Short Ejaculations, as *Amen*, *Lord have Mercy*, or repeating after the articulate Voice of the Minister, falls not under this Censure.

But, I wonder who taught the Women (whose chiefest Beauty is modest Silence,) who taught them to prate in the Church? They are so full of Tongue, you'll say, that perhaps a little Teaching would serve.

I never suffered such a confused Babbling in my Church of *All-Saints*; let them play the Fools, and popish Apishness, somewhere else, I never would permit them; at which abundance of People took Snuff, and because they might not be superstitious Apes, they would not come there at all: A good

good Riddance of them; they left the Room to their Betters, for we want nothing there so much as Room.

Is there not some Fear left we all be begg'd? Begg'd? For what? For wise Men? No; but to replenish the College of *Gotham*; we are topping Fellows, if the Pinnacles of the Temple stand in View; Which is the Way thither?

Are we not all as silly as that Cardinal, who says, *Sit ergo Dominus noster Papa baculus in aquâ fractus, absit tamen ut crederem quod viderim:* Let our Lord the Pope be a Staff (partly in the Water) seeming crooked; yet, God forbid that I should believe mine own Eyes: Like Cardinal *Bellarmine*, who makes Ignorance (not Understanding) the Ground of Faith: Intending surely, that none but Coxcombs (Priest-ridden) should be of the Church.

This Ceremony-monger carries one infallible Mark about him; you may know him from a Thousand, for he sets such a Value and Price upon his illegal Trinkets and Ceremonies, that if you take them, or offer to take them from him, he cries out, and roars like mad *Micah*; *Ye have taken away my Gods which I made, and the Priest, and ye are gone away, and what have I more? And what is this that ye say unto me, What aileth thee?* Would it not make a Man bellow and cry, to lose the *Diana*'s, by which he got his Wealth, and on which he chiefly values himself, because it made him a Man of Value? And those are his Favourites, on whom he puts the greatest Value, that trinket after him, in a blind, implicite, slavish Mimickry, and Imitation: He that calls for a Reason, he is not a Man for his Turn, but sawcy, troublesome, and petulant. Thus the Blind lead the Blind: Have a care of the Ditch there, just before you; you had better take Warning than tumble in.

But, I fear, *lapidi loquor*, I wash a Black-moor (I doubt); yet, I know no Harm I do, (if I do him no Good;) if the Leopard will keep his Spots, I did not make them; he is *Bedlam* mad surely, Why dost thou strike so furiously: I would but unshackle thee, and set thee free; or make thee set thy self free, by representing thy self to thy self.

For I'll assure thee, that in City and Country, (good Master of the Ceremonies!) thou hast not amongst rational Men more Beholders than Abhorrers.

He is the fairest Candidate for a Reward, that cringes, comes over, and bends the most nimbly; but that Men by illegal

illegal and irrational Capricio's ſhould cheriſh their Hopes (ſo) to become Favourites in the Church, I do not underſtand it.

I can only ſay, as *Cicero*, in his Declamation againſt *Cataline*, *Vivunt? imò vivunt & in ſenatum veniunt; Oh tempora! Oh mores!* It was a ſad Time, when Father *Peter*, or Madam *Portſmouth* choſe Senators; and that a poor Lad ſhould find it out, that the readieſt Road to get into the Church, or to the Steeple, and Pinacles, is to be like a young Setting-Dog, that firſt learns to ſtoop (when he is bidden) to nothing: There's Hopes of him, he's coming on, and may be a right Setting Dog in Time, and ſtoop to ſomething.

CHAP. V.

Of Bowing at the Name of Jeſu.

THERE is but one of theſe ſaid irregular and illegal and irrational Ceremonies aforementioned, that have any Colour of Law, and that is the Canon for bowing at the Name *Jeſu*; but that Canon is nail'd by Scripture and Reaſon, as well as by the Act of Uniformity, which enacts great Penalties, even Deprivation, if any Ceremony-monger obſtinately perſiſt in the Practice of any Ceremonies, except thoſe alone that are contained in the Common Prayer-Book; of which that ſame of bowing at the Name *Joſhua*, or *Jeſu*; and all their other Bowings and Cringes to the Altar, to the Eaſt, are none at all. I proteſt, I wonder at the Ceremony-monger's Audaucity and Fool-hardineſs, that he ſtill dare to do it, in Defiance of the Law, Reaſon, and Scripture; except he think to ſet the Convocation-Houſe over and above, and on the Top of the Parliament-Houſe, where it will ſtand moſt totteringly, and ſubject to the Storms.

Let no Man therefore think this Diſcourſe to be bold, or over-bold, (having the Law of God and Man, Holy Scripture,

ture, and right Reason on my Side, and can therefore with such great Advantages baffle them all) wonder rather at my incorrigible Ceremony-monger, that will take no Warning 'till he be forced publickly to recant the Schisms and Mischiefs his Noddle has forged in the Church of God.

The Strength of his Main-Guards (like that of Hell and Popery) lies all in stopping the several Avenues of Light, that none may enter into the Kingdom of Darkness, for they hate the Light, because their Deeds are evil, and therefore would (if they could) keep the Keys of the Press-Doors, as well as the Pulpit-Doors, that no Glimmering may appear without License. Thus the Devil rages the more, because his Time is short, and frets and fumes when you discover his cloven Foot, especially when he has long been adored (of which he is most ambitious) as an Angel of Light: But, blessed be God, that is above the Devil; Truth and Light are his glorious Attributes, as Error and Darkness are the Properties of Hell.

And if the Devil were not great in Men, they would submit to Law and Reason, to God and his holy Writ, to the Laws of the Land, Equity and Conscience.

When sick Men are deadly sick, and their whole Constitution so distemper'd, and out of Frame, that the very noble Parts are senseless, stupid, and past feeling, 'tis high Time to toll the Bell for them, they have not long to live.

Come, then, give Glory to God, confess and recant publickly in the Church, where thy Nonsense was committed, and defy the Devil and all his Works, the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World. Oh! but may some say, It cannot be deny'd but that your Ceremony-monger is the Fop of all Fops, for bowing to the Altar, to the East; but have a care of condemning him when he bows at the Name of *Jesu*; for Holy Scripture, the Canon, and right Reason, (all three) are his Vouchers.

Poor Hearts! And (as *Solomon* says) *Ye Fools! when will ye be wise*? Have I not wash'd these Blackamores (and to as little Purpose) long ago? For First, That Text in *Philippians* the second, *At the Name of Jesu every Knee shall bow, whether in Heaven or Earth, &c.* is no Precept, but a Prophecy, That the Time shall come, (it is not yet come) that the Name of *Jesus* shall be exalted above every Name.

That

That Time is not yet come; for Jews, Turks, Atheists and Devils, do not own the Name of *Jesus* above every Name, whether in Heaven or Earth, (or Hell) or Things under the Earth; but it shall come (at least) at the Day of Judgment, and probably before.

Mahomet pretending to have Faith to remove Mountains, told the People, (his Followers and Musselmen) that he would make that great Mountain (that stood before him) to come to him at his third Call, and therefore most gravely admonish'd it to come, once, twice, thrice, but no Mountain would come; whereupon (without changing Countenance) he said, *If the Hill will not come to* Mahomet, Mahomet *shall go to the Hill*; and so march'd 'till they met.

For by that Holy Scripture, ἐν ὀνόματι Ἰησῦ. In the Name, is meant, in the Virtue and Power of *Jesus*, *every Knee shall bow*, &c. (As, *The Name of the Lord is a strong Tower, the Righteous shall run into it, and are safe*, Prov. 18. 10. Not the Letters or Sound of *Jehovah*, not the *Tetragrammaton*, but the Power of God, is the Tower, not the four Letters, or Sound of the Name, whither the Righteous run, and are safe.)

Besides, my Ceremony-monger does not bow at the Name of *Joshua*, which is the very Word, *Jesu*, in all Languages: As *Mat.* 1. 21. *Thou shalt call his Name* Jehoshua, Joshua, *or* Jesu, all one *Hebrew* Word.

Besides, that Holy Text doth not say, in the *Name Joshua*, but in the *Name of Joshua*, Ἰησοῦ; Ἰησῶ; but my Ceremony-monger does not bow at the proper Name of our *Jesu*, or *Joshua*, to wit, *Emanuel*, (or *God with us*, which signifies both his Divinity and Humanity,) nor at the Sound of the Word *Christ*, *Messiah*, &c. but stands as unconcern'd, and as stiff as a Stake.

Besides, he does not bow the Knee, but (like the Papists) nods his Head, or puts off his Cap, or Hat, as the Popish Jesuits do, (when they preach) every Time they mention the Word *Jesu*, if they do not forget, which they commonly do; and as commonly sin, if that Foppery be a Duty.

Besides, that Text says, *Every Knee shall bow in Heaven, and Earth, and under the Earth*: But there are no Knees in Heaven, and those in Graves, in the Earth, and under the Earth, are too stiff to bow: Come, 'tis Nonsense, and ridiculous all over, and as very a Specimen of my Fop, as any other.

To

Do we well to blame the *Arians* for placing the Father above the Son? Do we well to believe the Unity and Equality of the Holy Trinity? And yet do we bow at the Name of the second, and not at the Name of the first and third Person of the Holy Trinity.

Nay, is Christ divided? Do we pay more Reverence to the Name *Joshua* (the Name of my Foot-Boy) then to the Holy Name of *Jesu*, namely, *Messiah*, *Christ*, or *Emanuel*? For shame! do not pretend a Reason for such foppish Adoration.

And, if neither Holy Writ, nor right Reason, be of thy Side ,(Mr. Ceremony-monger,) thy Canon will be nail'd by the Statutes, the Acts of Uniformity, that makes it very penal, even Deprivation (no less) for thee to follow thy Trade of making Ceremonies which God never made, nor the King and Parliament, or right Reason ever made.

Besides, there are several Statutes of Provisors, and then he incurs also a Premunire, to set up the Mitre above the Crown, the Bishop and Priest above the King, and the Convocation-House above *Westminster-Hall*.

And this sawcy and Priestly Petulancy (derived from *Rome*) makes my Ceremony-monger many Times very troublesome to the State, and to the Crown; which he will obey (like *Thomas-a-Becket* with a *salvo honore Dei*, that is) many Times, as far as he list, and when he list; or in any Thing that is for his own Ends, and his own Honour, not a Jot further: Of which I shall give no late Instances here, of those that could strain at a Gnat, (when against their Interest, though for, and not against God's Glory) and yet could swallow a Camel, (if sent from the Court) if it would but advance their Dominion and Sway; or at least not hinder it; witness their publishing in Churches, the Sports that may be used on the Lord's Day, *&c.* When this Spirit possesses my Ceremony-monger, he is not only troublesome, but dangerous, and insufferable.

But they that keep the Keys, and can open the Church Doors, to let His Majesty in, can also, (whilst we have the keeping of the Keys) upon Displeasure, lock him out: Well, for this very Trick, and for another late *Scotch* Trick; if I were a Privy-Counsellor, I would advise His Majesty, as Head of the Church, and the Governor thereof, to keep the Keys of the Church in his Pocket, or hang them under

his Girdle; if it be but because this prelatical Champion, this same pitiful Archdeacon, like another Pope, or St. *Peter*, will keep the Keys of the Church, and will keep his Majesty from them, and would fain perswade him, that our Laws exclude this purely spiritual Power of the Keys from the Supremacy of our Kings, except it be to see that spiritual Men do their Duty therein. Belike, this same Archdeacon carries the *Leges Angliæ*, the Laws of *England* in his Belly and greedy Gut; for I am sure he carries them there, or no where; he carries not these bulky Laws of *England* in his Brains; he has no Guts in his Brains. For, I pray, good D. D. where does our Laws exclude this purely spiritual Power of the Keys from the Supremacy of our Kings, if our Kings, (like good King *David*, or wise King *Solomon*) should have a Mind to be Ecclesiastes.

In the Days (even) of Popery, I never heard of a King shut out even from the Topping-Pulpit, if he had a Mind to climb so high. Stout King *Henry* the Third made bold to invade the Pulpit, took his Text, *Psal.* 85. 10. *Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other*; and then in his Sermon, *ad Clerum* — to the learned Monks of the Cathedral Church of *Wincheſter*, when he had a little Self-End too (as some Pulpiteers have also had) in the Case, namely, to cajole the said Monks to elect his Brother *(Athelmar)* Bishop of *Wincheſter*; paraphrasing and enlarging upon his Text, and saying, (to use his own Words) "To me, and "other Kings, who are to govern the People, belongs the "Rigour of Judgment and Justice; to you, who are Men "of Religion, Peace and Tranquility: And this Day (I "hear) you have, for your own Good, been favourable to "my Request:" With many such like Words. I do not know whether the King had got a License to preach—from a Bishop. It seems, the Clergy (then too) would favour Kings, in what was for their own Good; and, if it were for their own Good, would also permit the King to take a Text, and preach in their Cathedral Church. How hard-hearted, or strait laced soever our Archdeacon proves, and will not suffer our Kings to have the Keys, neither of the Church nor Pulpit; I say, therefore, some Kings would therefore keep the Keys of the Church themselves, and trust never a D. D. of them all with them; no, not the Pope himself.

But

But what if I prove that our Kings at their Coronations, have at the same Time been ordain'd Clergymen, they are no more excluded (then) by our Laws from the Power of the Keys.

What is Ordination, but the ordering, designing, or setting a Man apart to some Office? If to the Ministry, then there are certain significant Words to that Purpose; and what more significant Words for Ordination to the Priesthood, or making a Man a Clergyman, than those the Bishop uses to our Kings, namely, with Unction, Anthems, Prayers, and Imposition of Hands, (as is usual in the Ordination of Priests) with the same Hymn, — *Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God*, &c. The Bishop saying also, amongst other Things, *Let him obtain Favour of the People, like* Aaron *in the Tabernacle*, Elisha *in the Waters*, Zacharias *in the Temple*; *give him* Peter's *Key of Discipline, and* Paul's *Doctrine*.

Which last Clause was prætermitted (in Times of Popery) from the Coronation of *Henry* VI. 'till *Charles* I. and *Charles* II. lest it should imply the King to be more a Clergyman, and Ecclesiastical Person, than these Archdeacons could afford him; but our gracious King *Charles* II. and his Father, at their Coronations, had the ancient Forms of Crowning Kings revived; and in the Anointing, the Bishop said, *Let those Hands be Anointed with Holy Oil, as Kings and Prophets have been anointed, and as* Samuel, &c.

Then the Archbishop and Dean of *Westminster* put the Coif on the King's Head, then put upon his Body the Surplice, saying this Prayer; *O God, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords*, &c.

And surely, (of old) the very Pope himself look'd upon our Anointed Kings as Clergymen, else why did the Pope make *Henry* II. his Legate *De Latere* here in *England*, the usual Office of the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, (usually stiled) *Legati Nati*?

Therefore, Mr. Archdeacon, you talk like an unthinking Black-Coat, stock'd with a little superficial Learning, when you say, our Laws exclude the King from the Keys of the Church, to which he has as good Right as your D. D. Divinityship.

And (indeed) to give the Man his Due, he is glad (afterwards) to confess, that *Constantine*, and the eminent Christian Emperors, called Councils, and approved their Canons.

Then, by your Leave, dear D. D. they also, for the same Reason, might, upon Occasion, and if they had seen Cause, also disprove the same; Who then was *Papa* of old? *Pa-ter Pa-trum*? Surely, no other but he that is *Pa-Pa*, (I mean) *Pa-ter Pa-triæ*.

All the Male-Administrations in Ecclesiastical Government, take their Rise and Original from our Ignorance of the Power of the Keys; or who are the Clavigers, Key-keepers, or Porters, to let Men in, and turn them out of the Church?

The bulky Clergyman call'd a Bishop, an Ordinary, or a Diocesan, he (we say) keeps the Church-Keys, he excommunicates and excludes Sinners out of the Church, and he alone receives them, and lets them in: (But that's false, the sneaking Register, and Surrogate, do that Job.)

Ay, But who entrusted a Bishop alone to be the Church-Porter, Door-keeper, or Church-key keeper? Where is his Commission? Where is his Authority? And who gave him this Authority?

For it is evident in Holy Scripture, that God never gave him any such Commission, Place, Office, or Authority, to keep the Keys of the Church, any more than the Speaker of the House of Commons, or Chairman to a Committee, has Power to turn out of the House, or let in any of his Fellow Members: For neither does a Bishop differ from another Presbyter, more than the Chairman from the rest of the Committee; or he that gives the Rule of the Court at Sessions, differ from the rest of his Brethren and Fellow-Justices; he is no better Man, nor the more learned, wise, nor more honest a Man, though he be Ordain'd to be the Mouth of them, (that's all) to speak what they put into his Mouth. The Speaker takes too much upon him, to speak the Sense of the House, 'till the Majority of Votes has given him Instructions and Commission to pronounce a Sentence, or the Sense of the House; or to turn any Member out of the House of Commons: He has no such Authority; he is the Speaker (indeed) and is look'd upon as the wisest and fittest Man for that Place (it should be so, it is not always so) One or other of the Members must be chosen Speaker, or Chairman, and have Precedency, for Order-sake, and to avoid Confusion; but he no otherwise differs from other Members, except only, that the Honourable Speaker is the

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Honourable Mouth, that's all, after the Members have chosen and ordain'd him, and the King has confirm'd him: Even so, a Bishop has no new Character confirm'd upon him more than when he was but a Presbyter, or Elder, save only the King's Ordination, or Mandate, or *Conge d'Elire*. (The Election of the Dean and Chapter is a meer Mockery, as aforesaid, besides the playing with Edge-Tools, and mocking of God.) Bishops and Presbyters used to be chosen, just as Parliament-Men are chosen, by the Majority of the Votes of the People, (as shall be more particularly proved in the Conclusion, in the Chapters concerning Bishops and Ordination.) Thus *Paul* and *Barnabas* were chosen and ordain'd by the whole Church; *Acts* 13. 3. Perhaps the chief Church-Members laid their Hands upon, or ordain'd the Ministers, Missioners, or Messengers of the Church, but the worst Member had as much Power and Virtue to ordain a Messenger, Elder, or Bishop, as the best Bishop or Presbyter, if the Majority of Votes had ordain'd and so appointed; as is clear from Scripture, and the Practice of the Primitive Church, and shall be more particularly insisted upon in the Conclusion in the Chapter of Ordination.

Ordination? What is it more than chusing, approving or setting a Man apart for an Office, to do Businesses relating to this Life, or a better? (I will not say) in Church or State, or as a Clergyman, or Lay-man; for these are idle, ungrounded, vain and odious Names of Distinction, where God and Holy Scripture never made any such Distinction; and has not only confounded our Notions of Things, but has been, and yet is the Cause of most of our Confusions, in (what Men mischievously distinguish and call) Church and State; which are not two Things, nor two distinct Bodies: If you make them so, you must make two Kings, and two distinct Heads to these two distinct Bodies, and that is one too much.

And if you make a Clergyman and a Lay-man, two distinct sorts of Persons, you make a Man that God never made: And, if so! Then Clergyman! (I must Catechize you,) Who made you so? God? It is false; for God, in Holy Scripture, does not call the Preachers, but the Hearers; not the Bishops, Presbyters, and Ministers, the Clergy, but the Hearers and Flock are God's Clergy; 1 *Pet.* 5. 1, 2, 3. *The Presbyters which are amongst you, I exhort, who am*

am also a Presbyter, or Elder, or Earl, or Alderman, or Grand Seignior; no greater Name can well be given. St. *Peter* was a Presbyter; Can there be a greater Disciple of *Christ*? And the Presbyters, to whom he preach'd, and were under him, are the same with Bishops; and those Presbyters also, to whom St. *Paul* preach'd at *Ephesus*, and are called Presbyters in one Verse, are called Bishops in another; and their Auditors, or Flock, are called (the Clergy, or) God's Heritage, 1 *Pet.* 5. 3.

How came Cassock-men, and Lawn-sleeved Men, (first) to make an Impropriation of this Word (Clergy, or God's Heritage) to themselves forsooth?

I'll tell you: First, it is clear, that in all the Holy Scriptures, this Word (Clergy, or God's Heritage) is never mentioned, except in this Place, 1 *Pet.* 5. 3.

Secondly, It is as clear that the Word Clergy, or God's Lot, belongs as much, at least, to the Laity, (as they call them in Scorn,) if not more, than to Presbyters, or Bishops, or Pastors; who by another proud Word too call themselves Divines, for Distinction-sake from the Flock; just as they have robb'd the Laity of their good Name Clergy, which by God was given to the Laity, in Holy Writ.

Thirdly, When the Pope and Bishops made Encroachments and Usurpations upon the Princes and Emperors, taking their Dominions into the Church, and St. *Peter*'s Patrimony; then the Pope and Bishops, feeling their own Strength, that they had Strength enough of themselves (as a distinct Body) to go alone; then they set up for themselves, and made a new and distinct Corporation in the World, called, *The Church*, *The Clergy*, *The Lords Spiritual*, which is (a Title absolutely, and by Name) forbidden as a prophane Name, 1 *Pet.* 5. 3. And also in the very next Words in the same Verse, they are forbid to rob the People of the good Name (of Clergy, or God's Heritage,) because God gave the Flock that Name, and *Peter* charged the Bishops, (as our Saviour did before) that they should not be Lords, nor domineer, nor exercise Lordship, as the Princes of the *Gentiles* do: For there was no such Distinction, nor prophane Names of Distinction, as Clergy and Laity, Spiritual and Temporal Lords; there was but one sort of Clergy, the Flock; and but one sort of Lords, (Temporal) the Princes, or Temporal Lords: For it is a Jesuitical Tenet,

(which

(which we practice, and an old popish Tenet and Error) in making Dominion to be founded in Grace; or to talk of Spiritual Lordship, *quatenùs*, Spiritual Men, or Apostles; for it is *totidem verbis*, and by Name forbidden the Apostles.

I grant, that a more honourable Office, or Officer, cannot be in Nature, than a good Presbyter, or Bishop; nor can that Holy and Spiritual Office be more debauch'd and prophan'd, than by making Steps of Divinity, to mount over all Humanity: This is to rencounter and ruffle the whole Course of Nature, and make Heaven a Pair of Stairs: (Whither go you so fast?) To Hell, to Hell, and the Devil, by the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World? (Contrary to that (pretended) Vow in Baptism; of which a Bishop (one would think) should make a Conscience.)

Thou that sayest, a Man should not steal, (saith *Paul*) Dost thou steal and filch Men's good Names, that God hath given them, (the Clergy, the Church) and appropriates them to thy self, and thy Coat? Fie, for shame! this is a proud and covetous Encroachment, (taking in the Common by wicked Inclosures:) Forsake the Devil and the Pope, the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World. In the Conclusion, I'll tell thee what Bishops were in the purest and primitive Times, and how much now they are unlike what they ought to be, if they have any Conscience or Reason in them; but if not, they are fit for any thing rather than Bishops.

Which Honour of Bishop, or Presbyter, for they are all one, or little, or no Difference, ἐ πολὺ τὸ μέσον, saith *Chrysostom*, (*Homil.* 11. *in Tim.*) very little, no more than (as aforesaid) betwixt the Honourable Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Honourable Members, no more, if so much: But this Honour no Man taketh of himself, but he that is called of God, as was *Aaron*; where note, by the way, that he that is called by the Church, is said to be called by God, or the Holy Ghost; as *Acts* 13. 2. 3. But how was *Aaron* called of God? By being ordain'd High-Priest: Who Ordain'd him? The Captain, the Lay-man, (as you call him,) the Prince, by Name, *Moses*.

And why may not *Moses*, or any King, or Prince, preach (in his own Person, and administer the Church Keys in his own Person) as well as Ordain a Deputy, or Deputies, call'd *Aaron*'s,

Aaron's, if he be a Member; as surely, the Head is the chiefest Member?

A King Preach! You'll say, that would be worth the hearing: Yea, so it is; And does not his Sacred Majesty now Preach publickly once a Week, (more or less) as Occasion serves? What, in the Pulpit, as the other King *Henry* aforesaid, What Matter is that? Whether in the Pulpit, or the Throne, or the Chair, or the Church, or the Banqueting-House, or Parliament-House? The Place alters not the Sermon, or Speech.

But he does not preach an Hour by the Glass: No; but preaches more Divinity, Wisdom, and Sense, in a Minute, than the best of them do in an Hour, that I can hear; and preaches oftner than the Archbishop. It is a thousand Times more Skill to speak much in few Words, than to talk impertinently a whole Hour. Oh! but Preaching is not the Archbishop's Province, but Ruling: I thought that Ruling had been only the King's Province. Yea, the Archbishop is deputed by the King, and commissionated for the Work.

I am glad to hear it; he should be so deputed and commissionated, as other Judges are; but he that gives a Deputation, may, upon Male-Administration, take it away; and if either Archbishop, Bishop, or other Prelate of them all, pretend *jus Divinum* for that Prelacy; it is not only false, but they incurr all of them a Premunire, by the Statutes of Provisor's, made even in Popish Times, against those bold Intruders and Usurpers upon the Throne; nay, nay, if the Rook, or the Bishop can Chec-mate the King, (put them all together in a Bag) the Game is at an End.

St. *Peter*, he was an Apostle, (Are these Men more?) Was he a Lay-man? so were all the Apostles, even the 13th too, St. *Paul*: *Peter* said, *Lo! I go a Fishing*; *we also* (quoth they) *will go with thee.*

In the Old Testament, *Eli*, *Samuel*, &c. were no more Ministers than Magistrates, no more Priests than Judges; nor *David* any more a Prophet than a Captain, or King; nor *Solomon* the Wise, any more a King than a Preacher, (or Ecclesiastes.)

In the New Testament, *Annas* and *Caiaphas* were Judges and Priests also; Whether were they Lay-men then, or Clergymen? The Priest sat Judge upon the Bench, and the Judge preach'd, or gave the Charge: Yea, but not in the Pulpit,

Pulpit, and the Church: What then? Does that make the leaſt Difference? He is not fit for the Pulpit, that underſtands not the Law of the Land, and Nations, (where he preaches;) nor is he fit for the Bench, that cannot preach Goſpel from thence, as well as from the Pulpit: *Cæſar* was *Pontifex Maximus*, Chief Prieſt, and Chief General, or Emperor.

Amongſt the *Jews*, the Scribes and Lawyers were Judges on the Bench, and Preachers in the Synagogues alſo: In all Nations it is generally ſo; in *Turkey* they have no Judges, but their Preachers; nay, our Biſhops rule not the Church otherwiſe than by Lay Elders, (the worſt that ever were) Sumners, Regiſters, Scribes, Notaries, Canoniſts, Officials, Vicar-generals, Chancellors, Commiſſaries, and that Eccleſiaſtical Crew at *Doctor's-Commons*; never was Church in the World ſo diſciplin'd: What Repentance? What Penance? The Purſe is puniſh'd, that pays the Reckoning! Oh brave Church! Oh brave Keys of the Church! Fine Golden Keys, and dainty gay Porters, Door-keepers, Key-keepers, or Clavigers! In the firſt four Hundred Years after *Chriſt*, ('till Biſhops, and afterwards,) the Pope made ſuch Encroachments upon the Laity, (as ignorant Perſons, ſo eſteem'd, ſo call'd, and ſo treated) never was any Man let into the Church, 'till approved: By who? By the Biſhop? No, by the whole Church. Nay, St. *Auſtin*, after he was thirty Years of Age, continued a Probationer, or Catechumeniſt, before he could get Admittance into the Church, as a Church Member, attended at the Door, and waited (as he confeſſes in his Book of Confeſſions and Recantations,) three or four Years; and then moſt Votes of the Houſe carried it, not Mr. Speaker's alone, as with us; nay, the Speaker, or Biſhop, or Archbiſhop, knows nothing of the Matter with us, but leaves all, by Implicite Faith, to Regiſters, *&c.*

The Papiſts have much the better on't, for every Prieſt rules (as well as) feeds, uſes both Doctrine and Diſcipline, (of Confeſſion and Pennance) but the great Dioceſan Biſhops permit no ſuch Matter to Proteſtant Presbyters: And why? Are not they fitter than Sell-Soul Regiſters, Sumners, Officials? Yes, much fitter; but then People would ſay, that the great Archbiſhop, that preaches little or nothing of Doctrine, or Biſhops, that preach no better (if ſo well and ſo often) as when they were Presbyters only, are good for

nothing more than common Parsons, except for ruling the Church: And how do they rule? By implicite Faith in the Black-Guard at *Doctor's Commons*. Bless us! What Discipline is here? For above three Hundred Years after *Christ*, the People's Vote ordain'd, and were the only Clavigers, Porters, and Key-keepers, to let Men in, and turn them out of the Church.

So that the King, who is Father of the Country, is Father also of the Fathers Ecclesiastical, (as well as Temporal) whether they know it or no.

And if I were of Council with, or for the Bishops, I would perswade them to alter their popish-like Style, in sending Process, and keeping Courts in their own Names, contrary to the expres Words of the Statute of *Edward* VI. in that Case made and provided; as I have proved (as yet unanswerably) in my Book, called *The Test*, seven Years ago: Have a Care of a Premunire: A Blot is not a Blot 'till it be hit; but if it chance to be hit, the Game is at an End.

Let them not strive to be independent; Are they Subjects in Spirituals, as well as Temporals? If Subjects, then act in the King's Name, as other Commissioners do, who are authorized by him; but if they dare pretend to a Jurisdiction Episcopal, *Jure divino*, (more than a Presbyter;) have a Care of the Statute of Provisors, as aforesaid.

But some Men fear nothing, 'till it fall as heavy as inevitably: Do we blame Arbitrary Power in a King, and allow it in a Bishop? Or, would any Bishop (that knows what true Canonical Obedience is) write in that Magisterial and Apostolical Style with St. *Paul*, (when, perhaps, the Business is a meer wanton, or trivial Injunction?) *I might enjoin you on your Canonical Obedience, but for Love sake I rather beseech you.* We owe Obedience to Bishops, and Judges, and Kings, alike in this, namely, to obey them *in licitis & honestis*, in all lawful and honest Things: Loyalty is Legality; if I be legal I am loyal: Canonical Obedience, (say all the Canonists) is *Obedientia secundùm Canonem*: If Bishops (whom I reverence and respect heartily, as the King's Commissioners, so that they do not exceed and transgres their Commission,) should command me to say twenty *Pater-nosters* every Day before Breakfast, it is *Mandatum honestum*, but not *licitum quia lex non jubet*: It is a good Thing, but I am not obliged to do every good Thing; no, nor

nor (sometimes) not obliged to do the best Thing: *He that marries does well, but he that keeps his Virginity does better.* If I do well, when I marry, let the Friars, or Nuns, do better that like; and if my Bishop command me not to marry, (which is an honest Command, but not a legal Command) but an arbitrary, lustful, imperious, tyrannical Command, for which the Bishop has no Warrant, and he talks without Book, (which is more, perhaps, than he can do in the Pulpit) when he prates of his Power to command, yet, *for Love's sake, he rather beseeches*; let him first learn to obey the Word, and to understand the Mischief of Impositions, poor Heart! before he come to give a magisterial and dogmatical Command, and to his *Reverend Brethren*, (so, in Compliment, he calls them,) but uses them, perhaps, like Slaves, that must do his bidding with Cap in Hand: Let him command his Servants, and go himself; I am his *Reverend Brother*, if he do not speak against his Conscience; *mentire est contrà mentem iri*; like the Pope, who is the greatest Tyrant under Heaven, enslaving Souls and Consciences, as well as Jayling their Bodies, 'till they be Carcasses; yet his Style is, *Servus Servorum*, *Servant*, and *Reverend Brother:* But I hate the Hypocrisy and Dissimulation; it looks like *Joab*'s Compliment to *Abner*, *Art thou in Health, my Brother*? And then stabs him: Go *Judas!* Mind the Bag, mind thy God, *Mammon*; mind the Bag, and keep your Popish Compliment—*Dear Brother*—to yourself, 'till you use him in Respect as a Brother. *Comest thou to betray the Son of Man with a Kiss*? Thou hypocritical *Judas!* Can any Man look into our Chronicles, and not see the insufferable Arrogance of Priests, in the Reign of Popery, and since also, in the Reign of the popish-like Ceremony-monger?

What a Slave to Priest-craft was stout King *William* the Conqueror, when *Aldred*, Archbishop of *York*, required a Boon of him, which the King was so bold as to deny; whereupon, the Arch-priest curst him, and flung away (in a Rage) out of the Room; the King kneel'd and said, he would never rise 'till the Archbishop would come and absolve him: The Courtiers begg'd, for they durst not (lay hold on his Laun Sleeves, no?) lay violent Hands upon a Clerk, but with much ado, and much humble Intercession, they perswaded him, at length, to return, and to forgive

the poor kneeling King, and humble Penitent; *No*, quoth the Bishop, *let him kneel, that he may know what it is to vex St.* Peter, *and me*; at length, the King granting the Business, (a Money Matter,) the Archbishop did loose him, absolve him, and bid him rise.

The King, in all other Things, was wise enough, but being biggotted by Priest-craft, and Priest-ridden, he was crazed with a foolish Notion and Superstition: Nay, he would not fight, nor invade *England*, 'till the Pope gave him his Benediction, a Banner, with a Wafer-God inclosed in a Golden Crucifix, and also one of the Hairs that once came from St. *Peter*'s Head. People can scarce imagine, the imperious Force of a silly Ceremony and Superstition, even amongst Men (otherwise) wise even (at this Day) amongst us, meerly by blind Devotion and implicite Faith in a silly Ceremony-monger, because (like as I said before) the silly Image, (and unthinking Black-Coat) makes a great Figure in the Church, and which *Nebuchadnezzar* the King had set up.

But if they pretend that *Jus divinum* is the necessary Attribute of Lawn Sleeves, and that all the little Things he commands, are Law and Gospel; God help his Noddle, and keep him from a Premunire.

A Bishop may possibly be a good Man, and a good Scholar, though made when Popery influenced the Throne; and some of them made so, for the unlikeliest Merits that ever advanced a poor Heart.

But, if he were not a good Scholar, a good Preacher, or a good Linguist before, it is not probable, that the *Conge d'Eslier* (let it be got how it will) can improve either his Parts, or his Learning.

The King's Mandate can make a Man a Bishop, or Lord a Baronet; but all the King's Mandates in *Christendom*, cannot make him a better Schollar, a better Man, or a better Linguist. This I can demonstrate by my own Knowledge, Acquaintance, and Experience, That they that knew not *Syriack*, *Arabick*, nor *Hebrew*, (before they got the *Conge d'Eslire*) are as ignorant, and unlearned Linguists, as they were when they only were Presbyters, not a Jot the more improved by the King's Mandate, in any Knowledge, except that of their great new Rents; nay, without a Miracle, their busy Employments, from the Parliament-House to the Council-Board, or to Confirmations, or Visitations, must hinder

hinder their learned Studies: For Lawn Sleeves cannot make a Man a Linguist, that was none before; though it may make him more Right Reverend, I grant, than he was when but an ordinary Presbyter.

In short, this Ceremony-monger is that cumbersome Baggage that pesters the Ship of the Church in a Calm, and helps to sink it in a Storm; but what cares he? Let the Church or State sink or swim, so he can but save his own Cargo, and himself, in the Long-Boat.

Therefore he caresses, and huggs a Patron, that has a good Living in his Gift.

I have read an Oration in Praise of *Judas*; I am apt to think a Ceremony-monger made it, because he admires any Man that carries the Bag; and in his Heart loves Popery, because (like him) it makes Money of its God, and yet hates plain downright Popery in *England*, because it incapacitates a Churchman, and is inconsistent with a Dignitary Ecclesiastical: For though he be of no Religion in good earnest, yet I'll trust him for a sure Stake against bare-faced Popery, whilst the Current of the Laws of Preferment runs strong against it: He'll never kiss the Pope's Toe, I'll warrant you, whilst he lives in Hopes to make Men kiss his own golden Slippers.

Thus my Ceremony-monger loves Religion and God too, as the Lyons, and other Beasts of the Wilderness, love him, who seek their Meat from God, *Psal.* 104. 21.

Nay, he can fast and pray too, and keep Thanksgiving-Days (as the State calls) in Show, but in his Heart is as hypocritical therein, as the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, who ordained publick Prayers and Fasts to be made to God, throughout his many Dominions, for the Deliverance of Pope *Clement* the Seventh from Captivity, when he himself had taken his poor Holiness Prisoner, and kept him Captive in the Castle of St. *Angelo* in *Rome.*

Thus mocking God, (as the Dean and Chapter does in Choice of a Bishop, (as aforesaid) after they have received the King's Mandate to choose *N. N.*) and begging the Assistance of the Holy Ghost in their Election of a fit Man to that holy Office, when they know well enough their Man before-hand, fit, or unfit, they can neither will nor chuse; thus (like *Ephraim, Hos.* 11. 12.) *compassing God about with Lies, and the House of* Israel *with Deceit.*

Thus

Thus the crafty Fox (the Emperor *Tiberius*) mock'd Heaven by commanding Common Prayers should be said throughout the whole Empire for his safe Conduct in a Progress he never intended to make, *pro itu & reditu* (says *Suetonius*) *supplicationes in dixit cum non intenderet.*

Thus the Ceremony-monger is always crying up the Church, the Church, (meaning himself, and such as himself;) for whatsoever ado he makes about establishing the Church, 'tis the Wages (it brings him) which makes him bustle, like King *Hiram*'s Servants, in hewing Timber to build a Temple for that God which they neither knew, nor cared for, being a Lover of his own Will-Worship, his own Will and Pleasure, more than a Lover of God.

Uniformity he cries; for with his Mouth he shows much Love, but his Heart (like *Ezekiel*'s Auditors) goeth after his Covetousness.

Yet, as covetous as he is, he will sometimes be as liberal as a Prince, to propagate, maintain, and uphold that single and paramount Vertue of his foppish and illegal Ceremonies: And, therefore, at the Choice of Parliament-Men, What Pains and Cost does he lavish, in making Parties for such Men as are most like himself, and such as he thinks will keep up the out-side of the Church, how little soever of true Devotion is within; being zealous for Faith. Is he a Ceremony-monger? That's his Test, by which he tries all Men's Religion and Devotion.

Like the Prince of Darkness, he hates the very Sun in the Firmament, if it discover his dark Abode.

This Ecclesiastical Fop espouses Religion (as other Fops Marry) only for the fair Face, Portion, and gaudy Dress; and may be a Son of God notwithstanding; (I mean) in that Sense the Scriptures called the old Giants the Sons of God, that seeing the Daughters of Men, that they were fair, took them Wives of all, which they chose meerly for the Skin-deep Perfection; Eyeing nothing of inward Goodness, nor the Beauties of the Mind; for both of them are carnally-minded, and fleshly given, hankering after the Law of a carnal Commandment, and carnal Ordinances: Oh! how he huggs them!

And if any Man dare speak a Word against the Beauty of his Mis—, or dare make Comparisons, or prefer a richer Beauty, Oh! how he swaggers with his Curses and Anathema's,

ma's, and damns him for a Schismatick! And, if he can, jails him too, and there lets him die and rot: What! speak against Mis—!

Thus he is, indeed, the great Scare-Crow in the Church, a Man of Clouts, that looks like a Man at a Distance, but if you search him, he has no Bowels: He wants not Will, but Power, to make his little Finger thicker than his Predecessor's Loins.

His Conscience is always just of the Size with that of his Prince: If his Prince be given to Wantonness, he dares not so much as quote the Seventh Commandment in his Sermon, nor name Adultery. If he had lived in *Macedon*, in the Reign of *Alexander*, you might have known him for a true Courtier, by his wry Neck, *Regis ad exemplum*.

His Ceremonies are more futile, and thin, than a Spider's Web, and can neither catch nor hold any Body, but Flies, or such silly Insects; yet he has in their Defence, the Venom and Gall of a Spider; which transcends him in one Thing, for she begins her Web at her Bowels, but he has none; as being of the Opinion of the Philosopher *Zeno*, who, amongst the Diseases of the Soul, (which he reckons up) makes Human Compassion to be One.

He keeps a Bustle for his Trinkets, let it make never so great a Disturbance or Danger to the Church or State; *pro Aris & Focis*, he cries, stand up for the Church; though, indeed, his *arca* is the *Ara*, to which he bows so devoutly and demurely.

Not that he cares for his Trinkets neither, if he could make more Money by parting with them, than he has got by keeping them: He would forsake them and the Saints too, with *Demas*, for Love of this present World, upon a fair Prospect of a better Market at *Thessalonica*, in the Idol's Temple: *Amicus Plato*, he cries, *amicus Socrates*, *sed magis amici Divitia & Honores*.

He is worse than *Balaam*, who could not curse *Israel*, though *Balak* would have given him his House full of Silver and Gold.

For my Ceremony-monger is always for that Religion, that is most in Vogue; and, like a *Frenchman*, loves any thing that is in Fashion; but, when out of Fashion, he leaves it, like Lice, that prey only upon the living, but forsake Men when they are going to die: Or like Rats, that, by Instinct, desert

desert the House that is ready to fall: Thus he worships (with the *Indian*) the rising Sun.

When the mendicant Frier preach'd before Cardinal *Odescalcho*, (this present Pope, before he got up to the infallible Chair) and Cardinal *Sacherti*; he begun his Sermon thus: —" St. *Peter* was a Fool, St. *Paul* was a Fool, the Prophets " and Apostles, all Fools, for wandring about in Sheep's- " Skins and Goat-Skins, being destitute, afflicted, and tor- " mented in their Way to Heaven, when they might as well " have gone thither (as their Successors) in Scarlet Gowns, " and Scarlet Hats." The Capuchin had an Eye to my Ceremony-monger, or to one as like him as ever he can look.

For this Ceremony-monger (notwithstanding his voluntary Humility) is as proud as *Lucifer*, and hectors, like a Pope, against all Opposition, exalts himself above all that is called God; valuing his Canons, above the Statutes of the Realm.

Thus, as the Papists preach up the Rules of St. *Francis*, St. *Benedict*, and St. *Dominick*, (that may be good Things too, many of them,) not only above the Laws of the Land, but above the Laws of God too, and strains at a Gnat, at the same Time when he swallows a Camel; for, in his Prayer before Sermon, he speaks like a Mouse in a Cheese, when he prays to God there; but when he preaches up the Gospel Rules, then he makes the Pulpit thunder (till the Church eccho again) with the Canons, the Canons, (which may be good Things too, some of them, so that you make no Comparisons with their Betters,) making a hideous Noise with preaching up them and his Ceremonies: Methinks he then looks like the Emperor *Caligula*, when, with a numerous Army, he march'd with Colours flying, Trumpets sounding, and Drums beating (loud as a Thunder-Clap) to gather Cockle-shells.

No Man more zealously cries up the Laws of the Land, and Acts of Uniformity, when he gets a Nonconformist thereby upon the Hip, and to Penal Law him; but when the Point of the same Acts and Laws of the Land are turn'd upon himself, or he be commanded to do any thing he does not like, he cries out, *Conscience, and the Liberties of Holy Church are invaded*: Just as the *Jews*, to affront *Cæsar*, they cry'd out, That *God alone was their King*; but, to affront *Christ*, they alter their Note, and say, *We have no King but* Cæsar.

Thus

Thus he lays heavy Burdens upon others, and grievous to be born, but he himself (that is the greatest Nonconformist to the Act of Uniformity, with his irrational and illegal Ceremonies) does not touch the Burden with one of his Fingers. Yet you cannot well discover him; for ye shall not readily see him walk, (but, like a *Spaniard*,) never, or seldom Abroad, without his Cloak; beggarly enough too, (for the most part,) and can scarcely cover his Rags, and his beggarly Elements, and Will Worship.

CHAP. VI.

Concerning unlighted Candles on the Altar, Organs, Church-Musick, and other Foppish Symbols, &c.

THE Papists, (like the Cynick *Diogenes*, that went with his Candle and Lanthorn at Noon-Day, into the Market-place, to see if he could find an honest Man there, because the Sun could not show one,) at their idolatrous and preposterous Mass, draw the Window Curtains and Window-Shuts, (as if they were asham'd, that the Sun should see such a dark Devotion, and dissipate the Darkness; (like that heavy Plague sent by God to *Ægypt*,) a Darkness palpable, a Darkness that might be felt. Thus the dark Shop commends the Ware, and, like other Stage-Plays, Act at Noon-day by Candle-light, to choose, lest their Tinsel Lace should not pass for Silver Lace; nor their *Bristol* Stones for Diamonds. Our Fops, with less Reason, do set up Candles too on the Altar, as well as the Papists; we must be still like them, and be Popish Apes, without so much as Popish Reasoning.

For what Signification of Light can this Ceremony be, any more than a Stick? A Candle unlighted is no more a significant Ceremony of Light, than a Stick, (before the Fire touches it) is a Firebrand. I am not only ashamed of

my Fops, but really am ashamed to use any Words about it; it is needless to expose it, and yet it is retain'd as a Thing of Value, because that Foppery (amongst others) made my Ceremony-monger a Man of Value; for without them he had still sate (in the Seat which best becomes him, and is too good for him) the lowest Stool in the Church.

Not that our Blessed Saviour loves to see his Spouse (the Church) in a sluttish Dress; no, her Rayment is (or should be) of Needle-work, and wrought Gold; (Does any Queen deserve it better?) but her chiefest Beauty is her inward and spiritual Grace and Vertues.

There's something more than a pretty Face and Portion, that wise Men look for in a Bride; though my Ceremony-monger (like other Fops) minds little or nothing else, or nothing so much.

I know, that the Church of *England* declares in Words against any Adoration, though they retain the Posture, the Popish Posture; not our Saviour's Posture at the Holy Supper, but vulgar People mind Works more than Words: And is not that Spiritual Father very wanton, that will lay a Stumbling-block (so Popish-like) to make his weak Child fall? You and I can leap over it, but all Men are not so nimble; and can wear a Surplice, or white Gown, as harmlesly as a Black; but others dislike it, because it is a Mass Priests Weed, which is true, though it is a silly Reason, but all Men are not wise.

I read of vocal Musick in the New Testament, and singing of Psalms, but not a Word of the little Instrument, the Violin; nor the great Bag-pipes, or Organ; nor of Men that made a Trade of Singing, as the Beggars do in *Bohemia*, and as Gypsies; and our Singing-Men and Singing-Boys get their Living by Canting: Nay, most abominably and prophanely, they cant the very Creed. What chopping of Words so ludicrously in so solemn a Confession of Faith! *Born of the Virgin, Virgin, Virgin; Born of the Virgin* Mary, Mary, &c. Oh! most prophane! And every Body hears this, but who reproves it? Who amends it, that ought to amend it? And not fit (like so many unthinking Black-Coats,) not minding what is done with such impious Mockery, and silly Ecchо.

But why not Instrumental Musick, as well as Vocal? There's a vastly different Reason; the poorest Men, the poorest

pooreſt Pariſhes have Tongues wherewith to praiſe God, but have not ſo much ſuperfluous Money to ſpare, as to buy Organs, and then give as much, or more, to maintain an Organiſt, as the Vicar has.

Some Biſhops talk of Uniformity, and one Mouth; Why not one Sound too? A poor Countryman may be as good a Chriſtian as a rich Citizen, Broker, or Uſurer, that has ſuperfluous Money to buy Organs; which, if it conduce to Godlineſs, the Biſhops ought to commend it to the poor, as well as to the rich Courtier, King, or Queen; and allow ſome Thouſands Yearly, (ſurely, he can ſpare it freely, for the Promotion of Godlineſs and Uniformity, which he ſo cries up:) But Mum,— not a Penny; I'll ſecure you, to make one Sound, and one Mouth.

And who can blame that Countryman, (though all the Church laugh'd at him in the great Alley,) when the Pipes begun to play, he fell a Dancing, having never heard the like before, except the Bag-pipes in an Alehouſe, where he did always uſe to trip it?

And the Country People do think that they want ſome expedient and requiſite Devotion in Prayers and Praiſes, or elſe they, and all the World, muſt think, that this Popiſh-like Muſick and Organ, is too much Superſtition.

But what can my ſilly Ceremony-monger ſay for himſelf, why Sentence ſhould not be pronounced againſt him, for an impenitent Diſſenter, anathematized, and then (by his own Invention, the ſtrange Writ *de Excom. capiendo*,) be jayl'd, and tormented (like poor Diſſenters from the Act of Uniformity,) 'till he roar again; and then deprived and degraded: Come, *Perillus!* 'Tis but juſt you ſhould hanſel your own brazen Bull: For Diſſenters (by Omiſſion) are pardonable, they may pretend Weakneſs and Conſcience; but in thoſe needleſs, ſilly, irrational, illegal, and unſcriptural Ceremonies, What canſt thou plead but Wantonneſs, Folly, and Impudence?

Muſick is a great Spender, the greateſt Spender and Waſter of Time in all Sciences, to be expert and ready at it: Nay, you'll loſe it too, if you have not a great deal of waſte Time, (from Buſineſs) to throw away upon it. *David* had nothing to do, when he was young, but ſit on a Hill, and pipe to his Sheep, and finger his Lute and Harp; in which, by Uſe, he was ſo skilful, that it made him a Courtier; (though

King *Saul* had forgot him, when he kill'd *Goliah*,) but he had often before uſed to play the Devil out of him; and inſtrumental Muſick was as natural to him as Pſalms; his Fingers as good at it as his Tongue. If Men be brought up in Hunting, in Muſick, &c. they'll ſcarcely leave it, when older, or richer, but rather uſe it the more, and improve it; and when we have got *David*'s Skill, and King *David*'s Exchequer, we'll have as many Organs, and kill as many Bullocks for a Sacrifice, as he did, if we have nothing elſe to do with our Money; or cannot tell how to ſpend an Hour or two in Devotion, without Organs to divert us.

My Ceremony-monger pretends to have a wonderful Zeal for Knowledge, and againſt Ignorance; and would have the Youth inſtructed (in the Catechiſms) to Admiration; like the Phariſee (of old,) and yet, to his utmoſt, takes away the Key of Knowledge from the People; getting the Preſs Monopolized to himſelf, many Times, and (ſtopping the Preſs, and the Pulpit-Doors, and) ſilencing thoſe (to chooſe) that diſcover his Buffoonery in Religion; taking a Pride in a tyranical Preheminence, (like the Phariſee,) and ſaying, That theſe ſame People, who know not the Law, are accurſed. He would gladly be accounted the *Domine factotum*, and yet does nothing (at all,) that good is, nor permitting others to do it: He neither enters in himſelf, and they that would enter in, he hinders; except he may be the only authentick Porter, or Door-keeper; ſcorning that Almighty God ſhould give any Man better Eyes than his own; though he (poor Soul!) ſees but glimmeringly, and by Spectacles, in a Glaſs darkly; and all to uphold the high Seat he has got in the Church, (I know not how; and yet I do too, in part, though not ſo well, perhaps, as the Pope's Nuncio, or Father *Petre*.

THE CONCLUSION.

CHAP. I.

Of Sureties in Baptiſm.

AND now you may ſee, by the Picture that I have drawn, that a Ceremony-monger's Soul and Conſcience is neither ruled by Holy Scripture, right Reaſon, nor by the Law of the Land; but, in deſpight of all theſe, ſome of them are ſuch only through Cuſtom, Ignorance, blind Devotion, implicit Faith, and apiſh Imitation; others, and thoſe no ſmall Fools, upon Deſign, decoy'd by Avarice and Ambition: But, Cuſtom is a ſecond Nature, even in Religion too, or more properly, Superſtition: Cuſtom is the Father, and Ignorance is the Mother of their Devotion: As ſoon may an *Æthiopian* change his Skin, or a Leopard his Spots, as a Ceremony-monger his foppiſh Superſtition, he is ſo accuſtom'd to it. Cuſtom can beget nothing upon a Man of Reaſon, a Man whoſe Reaſon is not clouded; and yet, Cuſtom has a Brood in the World far more numerous than Truth could ever beget; becauſe Truth, the Father of wiſe Men, can never beget any thing, but upon Reaſon, the Mother of true Devotion: But theſe Mothers are but few, and therefore there are but few of the Breed, very few rational Men, and rational Chriſtians, in Compariſon of the Numbers of thoſe that go the broad Way, and go in at the broad Gate, that leadeth to Deſtruction, and many there be that go in thereat; namely, all thoſe whoſe Religion and Worſhip has no other Ground, except Cuſtom, (in Conjunction with Mother Ignorance) for their foppiſh Devotion.

Thus

Thus the poor silly naked *Indians* in *America*, I have catechized them,) and asked them the Reason, Why they did bow to such an Idol, that was nothing more than other Wood and Trees, of which it was made. They had all one and the same Answer, namely, Custom, and their *Peei's*; *Peei's*, What are they? but a certain crafty sort of Men amongst them, that lead the rest of the Fops by the Nose, by some Superstitions of their own Invention, call'd *Peei's*, that is, Priests of the Devil, whom they worship in that bowing Idolatry; for they never worship God, (whom they acknowledge in dark Apprehension,) for they say, *God is good*; and some of them will say, *God is a good Man, and will not hurt them*, and therefore they worship the Devil, to assuage his mischievous Wrath.

Even so, our *English* foppish Ceremony-mongers answer, (when I catechize them,) and ask them the Reason of their bowing to the Altar, when there is no Idol, and to the East, when there is nothing divine more than in the South and North; and the Altar nothing, but a piece of Wood, made of the same Wood and Trees with the Pews, the Stools, and the Pulpit, Then, just like the naked Indians, that are but just one Degree (if they be so much) removed from a Monkey, answer, that it is a Custom, and their (*Peei's*, or) Priests do so, that's all.

Oh! but the Priests are crafty, they do not bow for nothing, they get a Place by it, and Preferment; and therefore are forced to get as many Fools as they can to be their Disciples and Followers; for, when Owls are alone, they are hooted at, but not Birds that fly in Flocks, though they be Jack-daws.

I have ask'd some of them a Reason for their confused and prophane, irrational and unscriptural babbling together the Reading Psalms; and all their Answer is, that (it is granted, that) it is a confused Noise, and therefore unintelligible; but their Priests do so, and the Singing Boys, and they are accustom'd to it.

I have ask'd some Account also of others, how the Organs got into Church, to make such a Noise, and at so great a Charge and Expence, in the first Purchase, and Continuance; *Judas* his Question is proper here, *To what Purpose is this Waste?* Had they not better be sold, and the Organist's Sallary retrench'd, and given to the Poor?

They

They answer, That Mr. Alderman was willing withal; and that he could not stay a long Hour or two out of his Compting-House, at Devotion, without sleeping; and therefore, how close-fisted soever he used to be at other Times, yet, on this Occasion, he nimbly opens his Purse to pay the Musick.

But of all the brisk Reasons of my Ceremony-mongers, that of a She-Ceremony-monger was very surprizing; when being ask'd, Why she, in Defiance of plain Scripture, spoke in the Church? answered nimbly, That her Tongue was so used to wag at Home, that it could not lie still in the very Church: And yet, the same Church-prater was silenced, when question'd, Why she, in Imitation of the Doctor's bowing his Noddle to the Altar, Madam *Limber-ham* made a Curtsey, and bow'd both her Knees? No Reason could be got for that Mimickry.

And all the Reason that some Bishops can give, why they ordain, many Times, rude, illiterate, unthinking Dons to the Pulpit, to teach others, and know nothing of the Matter, nothing of their own Knowledge; no Divinity is concocted, or digested, and made their own, and in their Head and Heart: (The Body of the Law is digested by a Lawyer, before he is fit to come to the Bar; and the Body of Physick, by Physicians, before they are fit to feel the Pulse, or be Licensed:) His Answer is, That he trusts to his Deacon, or Arch-deacon, by implicite Faith, he believes as the Archdeacon tells him; and that the Form and Manner of ordaining Deacons, Priests, and Bishops, requires no more: Well, 'tis very well answer'd, and most Episcopally.

And why do you confirm, and lay Hands suddenly upon so many ignorant Persons, that understand not one Article of Faith, nor can so much as say the Creed? The Answer is, The Common-prayer Book requires no more than to believe by implicit Faith, the Fitness of all that the Parish Priest says is fit; he must take it for granted, and believe as the Priest believes, and see with other Men's Eyes.

Besides, Where do we read (except in the Mass-Book, and Common-prayer Book) of such a Thing in Scripture, as Confirmation by a Bishop? That Scripture of *Little Children coming to Christ, and he laid his Hands upon them, and blessed them*, is, in the Common-prayer Book, applied to Infant Baptism, in the Office of Publick Baptism; and

most

moſt incongruouſly (too) for that Purpoſe; for *Jeſus* baptized none, neither Men, Women, nor Children, his Diſciples did that: Nay, the great Apoſtle of the *Gentiles* went about confirming the Diſciples by ſound Preaching, but he baptized very few; one, or two, or three, he confeſſes, that he did baptize, and if he had baptized any more, he had forgot: And as for laying Hands upon any Children, there is not the leaſt mention of any ſuch Matter. How came it then into the Church? I'll tell you.

Infants being not able to make a Confeſſion, or Profeſſion of Faith and Repentance, which are required of all Perſons before they be baptized.

But, becauſe that Infants, by Reaſon of their tender Age, cannot perform them; therefore they do perform them by Proxy, or by Sureties: Becauſe the Sureties do promiſe, (a wiſe Reaſon, for Promiſes may be broken) they ſhall perform, both Faith and Repentance, when they come to Age.

Ay! Here's a wiſe Reaſon for a learned Church, and enough to make all rational Men (that have not loſt their Reaſon) be Anabaptiſts.

For all Promiſes and Vows are either broken, or kept; but the Promiſes and Vows of Godfathers and Godmothers in Infant Baptiſm, are ſeldom or never kept; but are broken Vows, and broken Bonds and Promiſes.

The Sureties promiſe and vow, that the poor inſolvent Child (that cannot ſpeak for itſelf) ſhall, when it can hear (for Faith comes by hearing) have Faith; and when it can ſpeak, then it ſhall have Grace to confeſs and repent.

But, ſuppoſe the Child live to have Wit enough to be a Ceremony-monger, Had ever any Man, or Woman of them the Grace to confeſs, recant, and repent? And then the Promiſe of the Sureties is not worth more than ſome Lord's Promiſes, not worth a Farthing.

Again: Suppoſe the Child prove deaf, or dumb, or a Fool, the Sureties vow they do not know what; nay, if it live to be hang'd, as many are, for Thieves, Witches, Murderers; How is the Godfathers and Godmothers Vow and Promiſe perform'd? when they vow'd and promiſed for a Child in Baptiſm, That it ſhould *forſake the Devil and all his Works, the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World, and all the ſinful Luſts of the Fleſh. Secondly*, They vow and promiſe, that the Child ſhall believe all the Articles of the Chriſtian

Christian Faith; Do they not break their Vow, if the poor Child prove to be a Sceptick, a Hobbist, or an Atheist? *Thirdly*, They vow that poor Child shall *keep God's holy Will and Commandment, and walk in the same all the Days of its Life*; Do they not break their Vow, if the poor Child, for whom they swore, (a solemn Vow and Promise, in the Presence of God, being an Oath,) happen to turn Apostate, Papist, Mahometan, or Infidel? Are not the Sureties all forsworn? And though they be, or be not, there's the Mischief, no Good can possibly come of it, but that which is incumbent upon Parents, and which Sureties seldom or never mind, namely, *Christian Education*; and if so, they should not swear and vow, in the Child's Name, that the Child does, or shall believe and repent: It is enough to promise good Education (if the Godfathers and Godmothers be barren, or old, and past Children; in such case, it is enough to be so kind and careful) of another Man's Child. But if they have Children of their own, or likely to have any, it is too much, because Charity should begin at Home; and therefore the said Vow and Promise is but usually like the common Discourse of Hectors and Bullies; (*I swear and vow*, they cry, on all Occasions) when they intend nothing by vowing and swearing, but forswearing; and adding a Lye to the Promise and Vow.

First, Then the Sureties promise that which no honest Man can honestly promise, who makes a Conscience of a Vow, because he promises that which is impossible for him to perform.

Secondly, If the insolvent Child be bound by Sureties, and good Bail, if he leave them in the Lurch, he wrongs them not, he gave them no such Commission, Power, Deputation, Authority, or Request, to promise and vow in his Name; and therefore that Talk of a Vow in Baptism, is Nonsense, idle, and vain: How can a Man break a Vow, or a Bond, that he never made? but his Sureties made it in his Behalf; ay, without his Order, Knowledge, Care, or Desire: How is the Child concern'd therein, any more than other Children in the World?

Thirdly, Suppose another Man's Faith, or Repentance, (that has enough of both) for his own Salvation, and also Merits (called Works of Supererrogation by the Papists,) to spare, heap'd up, and running over, (which the Saints de-

parted, St. *Bridget*, St. *Winifred*, St. *Francis*, St. *Ignatius Loyola*, St. *Coleman*, &c. has left at their Departure, as a last Legacy to the Pope, (as the Papists hold) Faith and Repentance enough to save all the Whores and Rogues in the World, to whom the Pope gives (no, sells) to any that has Money, and is willing to buy.

If Works of Supererrogation be true, it is the first Market I would make; I had rather buy Heaven than a Knighthood, or a Bishoprick.

If God Almighty would (like some Creditors) take Sureties, and *quem pro quo*, that if the Child could not perform and pay Faith and Repentance, then fall upon the Sureties, and make them smart for it; then you speak to the Purpose. But, God is just, *the Soul that sinneth it shall die*, and the Soul that believes and repents shall be saved; but I fear the best Protestant has nothing to spare for a poor insolvent Child.

Fourthly, Suppose (which is possible) that the Sureties are insolvent, and have not Faith and Repentance for themselves; then all this great Fat is in the Fire; they can never perform, nor pay a Debt for another, that have not wherewith to discharge their own Debts, let them promise and vow, and be bound in as many Bonds as they please for other People. Any Fool, or Beggar, can promise to pay a Thousand Pounds for another, But what signify Promises, Vows, or Oaths, made only to be broken and forsworn.

Lastly, Which is the saddest Case of all, (or not a Pin to choose) suppose that the poor Child is baptized without Sureties, as are the greatest Number (by far) in this populous Town; and in private Baptism, neither Sureties, nor the Sign of the Cross is required; then they must bring Sureties afterwards to Church, and then it shall be signed with the Cross. But half the Parishes in this Town have no Churches, and they are not obliged to carry the Child to another Church. Now you are gravell'd, Mr. Ceremony-monger, and you do not know what to do, or say.

Again, those that have Churches will not, or cannot, for Love, nor Money, get such good-natured and kind Sureties, to promise, vow, or swear for the Child: What will you do now? Now you are worse gravell'd.

For either the Child in private Baptism, without Sureties, and the Sign of the Cross, is baptized aright, truly and fully, or not? If

If not, then half the Kingdom are unchristen'd Infidels; there's one of the two Sacraments half lost by your foolish Reasonings, and fond Doctrines; except you confess that the Child is rightly baptized without Sureties, or the Sign of the Cross.

Besides, the Vow and Promise of Sureties gives either true Faith and Repentance, or not: If only false, it is nothing worth, 'tis false Coin, it cannot, shall not pass current any longer: If true Faith and Repentance come thereby, then is this believing and penitent Child capable also of the other Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; for no other Qualifications can be requisite: Faith and Repentance fits them for Heaven and Glory; and if so, it must needs fit them for the Means of Grace, in the Way to Glory. St. *Augustine*, good Man, was thus run to the Wall with this Argument, (and so must the Church of *England*, 'till they get a better Reason for Infant Baptism, than they tell us in their Catechism and Common-prayer Book,) and must rationally fall into the Error of St. *Augustine*, who put the Holy Supper, like Spoon-meat, down the Children's Throats; thus prophaning, because not discerning the Lord's Body.

But the Sureties do it for them; then let them eat and drink also for them, take both the Sacraments in their Name and Stead, and go to Heaven also in their Names and Stead. And what will the poor Child get by all this? He will never know any thing of those Heavenly Joys which his Proxy and Surety enjoys.

CHAP. II.

Of Escapes in the Common-Prayer Book, in reference to the Act of Uniformity.

WHAT! Shall we have no Ceremonies at all then? Oh! yes, your Fill, so you'll be content, and not impose your small Sense upon others in Canons and Acts of Uniformity; which are not only vain Attempts hitherto, (even since the first General Council of *Nice*,) but all the great Wars in *Christen-*

dom, upon the Score of Religion; the innocent Blood spilt betwixt the *Arrians* and *Athanasians*, the *Papists* and the *Protestants*, the *Conformists* and *Nonconformists*, the Animosities, Jails, Ruin, Fines, Imprisonments, *Smithfield* Fires, and Bloody Inquisition, must all be charged at the Foot of this Account.

It is very strange, that Christians will not be content with the Impositions and Acts of Uniformity, which God, the Holy *Jesus*, and his Apostles have provided. *Hast thou Faith?* (saith the Apostle) *have it to thy self:* Hast thou a Ceremony (thou art fond on?) it may be good, it may be bad, make much on't, keep it to thy self; *to thine own Master thou standest or fallest.*

We have general Rules, as to honour God with our Substance (or Estates) in Works of Charity, which is the greatest Thing in Religion, and without which *all thy Faith and Hope is nothing*, as saith St. *Paul*; or is *a dead Carrion*, as saith St. *James*; because Charity, the Soul of Faith, is departed, when thou evidences thy Faith to be a nothing Faith, a dead Faith, by destroying Charity, in killing and imprisoning thy Brother for Faith's sake; and perhaps thy weak Brother, (for whom *Christ* died) through thy Impositions, and Penal Acts of Uniformity; Acts that are not only mischievous in breaking the Peace and Unity of Brethren; not only uncharitable in beating thy Son, or thy Brother, because he is blind; restore him to his Sight, in the Spirit of Meekness, is the Apostle's Rule; Blows will never cure his Blindness.

Besides, Uniformity is an unnatural, impossible, and therefore an irrational, wicked, and vain Attempt. Go, teach God to make a new Heaven, with Uniformity of Stars, and Skies spangled uniformly, they are now all of different Forms and Features. Go, teach him to make Men uniform, they are all now of different Forms and Features: Go, teach him to make a new Earth, and set a new Face on it; the Landskip now looks so much the more lovely by the Variety, which God and Nature seems to delight in: And wilt thou (thou silly Ceremony-monger, and Projector) be wiser than God?

If thou hadst seen our Blessed Saviour sometimes stand and pray, sometimes kneel and pray, sometimes lie on a Bed, or Couch, and eat the Holy Supper; sometimes fall upon

upon his Face and pray: If thou hadst seen all this Variety, thou wouldst have excommunicated him, then capiass'd and jail'd him, if thy Fierceness had not kick'd him, and spurn'd him up, hadst thou but had an Act of Uniformity to back thee.

We are bound to honour God with our Substance, in Works of Charity, (the greatest Duty;) but how much, when, and how, in particular, is left to the Discretion and Liberty of every Man; no Rule of Imposition is, or can be made about it.

We are obliged to honour God with our Bodies, the least Thing in true Worship, (for bodily Exercise profiteth little,) but how much, when, and how, in particular, is left to the Discretion and Liberty of every Man; no Rule of Imposition is, or can be made about it.

Then you'll say, the Church of *England* was mistaken in one of her Thirty-nine Articles, that says, *The Church has Power to appoint Ceremonies:* And also the King and Parliament were mistaken in the Act of Uniformity, that enjoins all Bishops and Clergymen, on pain of Deprivation, to subscribe, assent, and consent to all and every Thing, as true, which is contain'd in the Common-prayer Book.

Here is a heavy Charge, Convocation-House, and Parliament-House, both upon my Back; but, come, one at once, and I'll deal with them both, one after another, as well and as fast as I can.

First then, I say, in general, that any Decree under Heaven, that is either unlawful, or impossible to be obey'd, is not at all Obligatory: This is so plain, that it needs no further Proof, it is like the Light of the Sun, self-evident; if the Sun shine, no Man doubts it, but he that is blind, or winks on purpose, lest he should be convinced. And as to that Article, *viz. The Church has Power to enjoin Ceremonies*—it confounds all the Ceremony-mongers amongst us. And in all my Travels, Reading, and Discourses, I never met with any Man, Bishop, Priest, or Lay man, that ever did, could, or durst explain what is there meant by *Church*.

If it be taken for the Clergy, either in (or out of) Convocation, or Synod, *viz.* That they have of themselves a *Jus Divinum*, a Divine Right, to enjoin Ceremonies to the People of *England*, they all incur a Premunire, that claim such a Power, and justly, for they thereby set up a Legisla-

tive

tive Power, independent of, and distinct from the King and Parliament, (the only Legislators,) and is of most pernicious Consequence, and found to be so in all Ages; and by the Statutes of Provisors (made both by Popish and Protestant Kings and Parliaments) condemn'd as most pernicious and insufferable, by invading the only Legislative Power, (King, Lords, and Commons) the great Fundamental of our Government, and setting up a Thing call'd, *A Church*, independant of, and equal with, or above the State, if it be so bold as not to please them, or should dare to displease them. Better it is, not to be a State, than to be such a pitiful State, at this precarious Rate, that dare not but be Priest-ridden. Our Noble Ancestors, in Popish Times, scorn'd the Motion, and were true *Englishmen*: This Distinction of Church and State, is a Popish and pernicious Distinction; two Higher Powers is one too much.

But, if by *the Church*, in that Article, be meant, the *King and Parliament*, (the Representatives of the whole Body of the People) the Convocation, and Canon makers, will, by no means, acknowledge that; for that makes them Cyphers, and (as many People account them) useless Tools: And never did King and Parliament (neither) make Laws coercive in Matters of Religion, or Uniformity in Religion, but Confusion, Divisions, Schisms, Tumults, Sedition, Blood, Ruin, and Civil Wars, were the dismal Consequences in *England*; whereas there would be none of these, no Dissentions, no Penalties, no complaining in our Streets, if the Legislative Power (unsuborn'd by Priest-craft) make no Laws but what are proper for their Cognizance, and for the Peace, Welfare, good Manners, and good a-bearing in the State: And then, where there is no Law, there can be no Transgression; and those odious Names of Dissention and Sedition, Conformist, and Nonconformist, will find an eternal Grave.

I'll give but one Instance in that same Act of Uniformity, which requires all Clergymen to give their Assent and Consent to all and every thing (for Truth) which is contained in the Common-prayer Book.

But, Who made the Kings and Parliaments of *England* infallible Popes, since the Church of *England* confesses she may err?

And how irrational and unaccountable is it for Men that confess their Ignorance; and yet with the same Mouth, will

so

so vote a Law, or Imposition of their Sense in Religion upon all Mankind under their Jurisdiction? For ought they know, they may command and enact, That all Clergymen shall assent in their Judgments, and consent in their Wills, to a palpable Error, Lie, or Untruth; or else, take their Choice, to starve, lie down and die; for Farm they may not, Thrash they cannot, and if they beg they are sent to *Bridewel*.

And this is our very Case this Day; we may not chuse what Chapters for Lessons, what Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, we list to read, but must read those that are appointed for the Day: And the last Year they were all falsely appointed, or else those Words in the Common-prayer Book are false, that fixes and ascertains *Easter Sunday*, (the *Æra*, or Beginning of the Account, whence all the Lessons, Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, are computed, nominated, and appointed.

But that is not only silly, and uncertain, but false and contradictory in the Common-prayer Book, and therefore both the said *Æra's* cannot be true. As for Example, by one Common-prayer Book Rule, the last *Easter Sunday* should have been kept upon *April* 8, because *Easter Sunday* (whence all other Feasts, Lessons, Collects, are computed all the Year after) is always the first *Sunday* next after the first Full Moon which happens after *March* 25, which was *April* 8, last past: But by another Rule in the Common-prayer Book, it was (and so we kept it) upon *April* 15, last past.

They cannot both be true, but one of them is a Mathematical Untruth, (and which no Body can deny;) yet Bishops and Curates must all assent and consent, that this Falsehood is a Truth, (and such a Falshood it is, and of so evil Consequence, that) it makes a Blunder, and confounds all our wise Methods of Uniformity in Common-prayers, Epistles, Gospels, and Lessons: And if we do not confess and subscribe, that this Falshood and Untruth is a Truth, then starve and die.

I can give several other Instances of our irrational Doctrine and Discipline, but I am loth to offend, let them even go on, they'll give me but little Thanks for my Pains already; but, I thank God, I do not find the Fault, to expose it to Shame, but to cure it, I know how: And, let me tell you, it requires some Skill in the Cure. Why may not Lightning sometimes

come

come from a black Cloud? And a dull By-ſtander ſee better ſometimes, than he that plays? Some Part of that Seven-hill'd City *(Rome)* is ſituated in a Vale, as well as *Weſtminſter-Hall*; and therefore no wonder if, ſometimes, both of them be in a Fog.

And if it abate the proud, pragmatical, impoſing, ſelf-conceited, dogmatical, and imperious Spirit, that confounds the whole Creation by Methods and Aims of Uniformity, point-blank againſt thoſe different Meaſures of God and Nature, it is well.

CHAP. III.

Concerning Biſhops.

WHAT I am going to ſpeak concerning Biſhops, may the more favourably be received, becauſe ſo contrary to Self-Intereſt, the worſt of Evil Counſellors.

For why may not I (as well as any other) live in Hopes of a Pair of Lawn Sleeves, rightly put on, ſince nothing elſe keeps me from making as good a Speech in the Houſe of Lords, as that which, of late, was only a Speech without Doors; and proves ſo genuine, and well aim'd, that all of it is (now) a Speech within Doors. However, I could ſerve as well as the beſt, to make up the Number of the Yea's or No's; and that's all the wiſe Speech that ſome Men ever did make: (I do not ſay) that ever they can make; for the more frugal any Man is, and the leſs he ſpends, the greater is his Stock.

But if I had been ſo haſty as to beſpeak the Lawn Sleeves, this Sheet (that I am going to write) will ſpoil all my Finery. And certainly, there cannot be ſuch a Fool in *England*, or the World, as to think that the King's Letters Patents, or *Conge d'Eſlire*, can make the Baronet, or the Biſhop, a Linguiſt, or a Learned Man, (except he was ſo before,) though uſually the Vulgar are of Opinion, that if a Biſhop, or a Lord ſays it, writes, or preaches it, O Heavenly! becauſe

cause O Earthly! and is a Judgment as preposterous as that Action of the Orator, when pointing to the Earth, he declaim'd—*O Cœlum!*

But it is a received Maxim, — *No Bishop, no King:* I know not who invented it, but it may be true, in some Sense; but it is false, if it be meant — *No rich Bishop, no King*; for that the rich Bishops were so rich, that what with the Hank they got upon silly Men's Consciences, and the Interest that their Lands, good Leases, and Dependencies, their Tenants, Servants, and Friends, they were so prevalent, when united, that when our Kings have (sometimes) been so hardy and bold as to displease them, they have either taken the Crown from his Head, (as the rich Bishop of *Wincheſter* unking'd his Brother King *Stephen)* on whose Head that *Nimrod* of a Clergyman had, without any Right, clap'd it on; and upon Displeasure, the Bishop chiefly unking'd him again, and (in effect) spurn'd it off, as *Pandolfus*, the Pope's Nuncio, did the Crown off King *John*'s Head, which lay grovelling at his Foot, whilst the proud Prelate put it on; and to shew the Ecclesiastical Insolence of some Lawn Sleeves, he up with his Foot, and kick'd it off from the King's Head.

So that—no Bishop—no King *(Stephen*, or *John,)* and a Bishop—no King *(Stephen*, or *John*;) for that rich Bishops, like other rich Lords, are a Strength to the Crown, when it does not displease them; and, on the contrary, have been too great and dangerous when controul'd, growing musty and morose; a King had as good be a Slave in *Turkey*, as to be at the Mercy of such Popish-like Ecclesiastical Pride.

Nay, did not the very Dean of *Weſtminſter*, and the Archbishop of *York* (chiefly, though with others bandyed) make the Reign of *Henry* IV. and *Henry* V. very uneasy? For which Cause, the wise King *Henry* VII. invented a Way to pull down the Stomachs of the great Temporal Lords, with their own Hands, by enabling them to alienate and sell their Lands; of which many were so glad, that it was the first Bargain they would make, (to chuse:) Away runs the Footman for the Usurer and Scrivener, (who were as glad to buy as the other to sell,) when both Sides are willing, the Bargain is soon struck up, and Time was unwing'd, 'till the Entail was dock'd.

Then his Son, *Henry* VIII. he reform'd the Clergy with a Witness, and pocketed up the Reformation by Act of Parliament;

liament; and excluded from the House of Lords all the Spiritual Lords Abbots, and put their Lands in his Pocket, by Statute Law. *Edward* VI. and Queen *Elizabeth*, were his own Children too; for they, and their wise Council, finding, that though the Spiritual Lords (Abbots) were excluded the House of Lords, yet the other Spiritual Lords (Bishops) were so proud sometimes, and high, that no Body could imagine them to be the best Disciples of *Christ*, who was meek and lowly; therefore *Edward* VI. took at once from the Archbishop of *York*, about Thirty-seven great Manors, and were annex'd to the Crown: And Queen *Elizabeth*, amongst other Things, took all the Lands belonging to the Prince Palatine of *Ely*, (Bishop) (in the Vacancy) and gave 2000*l.* to be paid out of the Exchequer, annually, a sufficient Competency, and an Injury to no Man; for the Bishoprick was in *Abayance* (as the Law calls it) *in nubibus*, it being *in posse*, any Body's, but *in esse* no Body's.

So that I also am so much a Friend to that Proverb—*No Bishop, no King*,—and so very much a Friend to Bishops, that where there is one now in *England*, I wish there were twenty; and as old as I am, I hope to live to see it, and yet not take one Farthing from the present Incumbents, nor in the least diminish the vast Revenues and Grandeur of, my Lords, the Bishops that are in Possession; let them keep it (I say) 'till they die; and die they must, and then their Bishopricks being vacant, (by Death, however, if not sooner justly forfeited) it will be no Injury to any Man, to share out and divide the vast Incomes to many Bishops, who must take the Pains, and perform the Work of a Bishop in their proper Persons, which is now done by Proxies, Sureties, and Implicit Faith.

And I doubt not, but that all my Lords the Bishops would be of my Mind herein, as to the Work of a Bishop, which they themselves, and all *Englishmen*, find to be so great a Work, and a Burden so much too heavy for any single Shoulder, that they are forced to perform the great Acts of a Bishop, in Ordinations, Confirmations, Excommunications, Absolutions, *&c.* only by foppish as well as Popish-like Implicit Faith, seeing with other Men's Eyes, and hearing with other Men's Ears, that it is no Wonder that they err so often.

Oh! But the Wages then must be divided, as well as the Work, Flesh and Blood cannot bear this Doctrine: No, it

cannot;

cannot; therefore Flesh and Blood cannot enter (neither) into the Kingdom of Heaven: But a Bishop (of all others) ought not to consult with Flesh and Blood, and Self-Interest, which, above all Things in the World, does bribe Men's Judgments, that they cannot (because they will not) give their Assent and Consent to so great a Truth.

King *Charles* I. was tenaciously in love with Bishops, as now constituted, even to death, so great was his Opinionatree in the Case; and yet he says, they were not Bishops *Jure Divino*, by Divine Right, and yet neither *contra Jus Divinum*: But, I think quite contrary, *viz.* that there is nothing in Scripture more plain, than that Bishops are *Jure Divino*, and nothing more plain, than that the Bishops in *England*, now constituted, are contrary (absolutely contrary) to *Jus Divinum*, or Divine Right, so far as they act like Novices in Implicite Faith; 1 *Tim.* 3. 3. A Bishop must neither be a Novice, nor given to filthy Lucre. For any Boy-Bishop, any ignorant and unlearned Bishop, is as good as the best, in those Acts of Implicit Faith; any Novice can see with other Men's Eyes, and hear with other Men's Ears; any Novice can (and the greater Novice the fitter too) believe as others believe, without any other Reason.

Therefore, since the Holy Scripture says, a Bishop ought not to be a Novice; if he be a Novice, that sees but by Implicit Faith, then tell me, (count them if you can) How many Novices have we in *England* that do all their greatest Acts by Implicit Faith? This is as bold a Stroke, you'll say, as ever was; and yet not a Jot too bold to strike at so grand, so foppish, so Popish a Folly, as Implicit Faith; by which, (it must be granted, and cannot be denied,) our Protestant Bishops do all their mighty Businesses, and is the Cause of such a contemptible and ignorant Clergy, ill-grounded Excommunications and Absolutions, and *Capias's* thereupon; and such unscriptural, irrational, and blind Confirmations, perswading the ignorant, that they are fit to receive the other Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, when they know nothing of the Creed; and sometimes were never lifted, or matriculated into Mother Church, by the initiating Ordinance of Baptism.

But that is the Fault of the Person, not of the Constitution: If that were true, it might be amended, but it is false; for it is not the Fault of the Person only, but the Fault of

the Conſtitution, which obliges no Biſhop in his Office and Performance of theſe great Epiſcopal Acts, but only to the Knowledge of a Novice, or Implicit Faith.

Nay, if our Conſtitution did oblige him, it would oblige him to Impoſſibilities, for his Work is more than any Mortal can perform in *propriâ perſonâ*; and the great Charge of Souls (which he takes upon him) more terrible, (if his Conſcience be awake, or not bribed with the Wages, it muſt be ſenſible) that no Piety, Parts, or Prudence, can poſſibly diſcharge, except as now, by Implicit Faith; which any Boy, or Child, or Novice, can perform as well as the beſt.

It was Covetouſneſs therefore, and Ambition, that firſt made Biſhopricks ſo large, (for the ſake of making all the Biſhops Lands therein one Man's Monopoly;) and alſo made Biſhops Conſciences ſo large, as to gape and ſwallow all, the reliſhing Bit was ſo guſtful and grateful to a greedy Gut: But *from the Beginning it was not ſo.*

Now, every County muſt have a Biſhop; nay, ſometimes Two, or Three, or Four Counties will ſcarcely hold one great Biſhop; nay, to them too muſt be added, ſometimes, a rich Deanery. Is it not ſtrange, that a Biſhop ſhould be a Deacon again, for the Money ſake? And a Parſon again by *Commendam*, for the ſake of ſome bulky Parſonage, like *Wiggin* in *Lancaſhire*, in *Commendam* held by Dr. *Cartwright*, Biſhop of *Cheſter*, now advanced to be a Non-ſuch Proteſtant Reader in Popiſh *France*, and Curate to a Popiſh Prince, in the Proteſtant Chapel in the Caſtle of *Merli*.

Philippi, (nay, *Jeruſalem,*) a little ſcanty City, not ſo big and populous as *Colcheſter*, by half, and yet had ſeveral Biſhops at a Time therein; *Philip.* 1. 1. *To all the Saints which are at* Philippi, *with the Biſhops and Deacons.* How many Biſhops of *London*, at this Rate, muſt there needs be in *London*, not to mention the three Counties of *Hertford*, *Eſſex*, and *Middleſex*, into the Bargain.

Ay, but the Houſe of Lords will not hold ſo many Biſhops. No, I grant, there are Biſhops enough there already, as ſome have ſaid, and angrily grudge, that we Clergymen (who are as much repreſented in the Houſe of Commons, as any Commoners in *England*, and make as great a Buſtle at an Election of Members, to get Men for our Turn,) ſhould alſo be repreſented in the other Houſe, which no other Commoners are; and that my Lords the Biſhops are tried by their

their Peers, that is, by their Equals, Commoners, but the Lords are *Concilarii Nati:* It is part of their Inheritance to be the King's Counsellors, and a Seat in the House of Lords is part of their Estate and State: But such Men talk like those that say, That we had *English* Parliaments before Bishops and Abbots sat in the House of Lords, and many Statutes (the Judges say,) are good Law, though made (in several Parliaments) *excluso Clero*, the Lord Bishops, and Lord Abbots, being shut out of Doors, and not permitted into the House of Lords: Nay, the Lord Abbots, that had as good and as ancient Right to sit in the House of Lords, as Lord Bishops, are long ago, and to this Day excluded. Notwithstanding my known Devotion to my Lords the Bishops, (I confess) I have not Skill enough to answer such Reasons and Records; it behoves them that have more Wit, and are more concern'd than I, to give this a rational Answer; I confess my Ignorance, but my Devotion to them is well enough known.

And I cannot deny, but that Bookish Men, (as my Lords are bred) and usually Fellows of Colleges, (by that State they take upon them in the College,) all but themselves going bare to them, if they do but see them at the further End of the Court, let it Hail, Snow, or Blow. This inclines Men to be pedantickly proud ever after, (I knew it too experimentally) being made a Fellow of *Gonvil* and *Cajus College* in *Cambridge*, when I was but Junior Batchelor, and not nineteen Years of Age) 'till Travel and Experience in the World (which all Bishops have not) refines this Insolence, and makes it more sociable and complaisant.

But let no Man envy the Liberality of our Ancestors, in endowing the Bishops and Universities so plentifully: A few, that are truly worthy and learned Men, may well compound for the Generality of a contemptible Clergy; that would not have been so truly contemptible, but that my Ceremony-monger, in bad Reigns, got Possession (too often) of the Steeple (the loftiest Piece of the Church) by Popish-like and Poppish Ceremonies; and then it behoved him to keep open the Door by which he enter'd, to such only as were like him, and follow'd his Steps, and exclude all others to his uttermost, whose Vertues and true Learning must necessarily (if set near him) ruddy his Cheeks, and make him blush for Shame.

But

But crafty young Lads finding that easy Way to the Wood, and that it was much more easy and profitable to go to a Dancing School, than to the laborious Schools of Worth, and crabbed Learning, to which it is so difficult and so unprofitable (as Times have been) to bend the Mind; and also very facile, honourable, and beneficial to bend his Body, in silly Cringings and Bowings: Farewel Books, saith he, and dry, unprofitable Studies; I'll go to the Ecclesiastical Dancing-School, and commence Doctor *Ignoramus*.

Hence it is, that our Wise Men of *England* have made our *English* Bishopricks out of two poor Words in *Tit.* 1. 5. κατὰ πόλιν; ill understood; *in every City making Elders*, (or Bishops, (saith St. *Paul* to *Titus*, *as I have appointed thee*; κατὰ πόλιν, *in every City*.

Thence it is, that such a Pother was made, to make such a little Town (as *Carlisle*) a City; For why, forsooth? And *Colchester*, an ancient City, and twenty times bigger than *Carlisle*, to dwindle to a Village; For why, forsooth? Because every Bishop's See must be a City, (κατὰ πόλιν,) and but one City in a Bishoprick; and therefore, little *Carlisle* must be a City, and *Colchester*, which, to my Knowledge, is ten times bigger, and forty times more rich and populous, must dwindle from a City, (as anciently it was the only City of *Essex*;) and why?

Κατὰ πόλιν has done its Business; City and Bishopricks must be Convertibles, and *London* being the greater City and Bishop's See, or Seat, *ergo*, &c. κατὰ πόλιν, which (I confess) *Origen* (*Lib.* 8. *contra Celsum*) does Paraphrase, ἐν ἑκάστῃ πόλει, much like *Chrysostome*, καθ' ἑκάστην πόλιν, (1 *Tom. Homil.* 1.) *in every City*; (thus the lifeless Feather of an Eagle, consumes all other Feathers that are near it, and in the Nest,) whereas not only the best Greek Authors, but the Holy Scripture, confounds the Word κώμη and πόλις, a Village and a City, in several Places, both in the Old and New Testament; as for Instance (in 1 *Chron.* 4. 32.) their Villages, (*Eram*, &c.) were Five Cities.

So, in the New Testament, St. *Luke* calls *Bethlehem*, πόλις, the City of *David*, (*Luke* 2. 4.) but St. *John* calls it κώμη, the Village of *David*, and I'll call *Bethlehem*, as I'll give *Colchester* a Name too, (Why not? since I have help'd to Christen a great Part of the Town these Seven and Twenty Years,) κωμο πόλις, a City-Town; though the Bishop's See,

or

or Seat, at the great City of *London*, has taken its good Name from it most scandalously and unreasonably to give it to little *Carlisle*, for the sake of κατα πόλιν; a Word, the Ceremony-mongers never right understood, they were so busy about Ceremonies, they had no more Leisure to understand *Tit.* 1. 5. than *Phil.* 2. 10. both of them falsely interpreted, and the latter falsely construed, and falsely translated, either through Ignorance, or Fraud, to make room for a Nonsensical Ceremony.

There were one Thousand Bishops in *Armenia*, says *Baronius*, (*ad Ann.* 1145.) And *Justinian* the Emperor (*Petravon*, and *Novel.* 31. *c.* 1.) says, there were but Twenty Cities in his Time, and they have decreased ever since: How could one Thousand Bishops then sit in Twenty Cities? Except there were many Bishops in one City, or many Bishops in Villages and small Towns.

Nay, to go no further than *Ireland*; St. *Patrick* founded there 365 Churches, and as many Bishops, saith *Nemius*, and also Bishop *Usher*, (late Primate of *Armagh*;) and yet there never were 365 Cities, and now but 19.

In Gospel Times, the Bishops were chosen by the People, and most Voices carried it for two, of which God chose one by Lot, the Lot fell upon *Matthias*; and 260 Years after, (*Cyprian* tells us,) that all the People, (that is) the Majority consented, or else no Bishop was chosen; (*Cyprian, l.* 2. *Epist.* 5.) *Convocatâ plebe totâ, & de Universæ fraternitatis suffragio*; and *Cæcelianus* was chosen Bishop of *Carthage*, *totius populi suffragio*, *Otat. lib.* 1. by the general Vote of the People. No Man was excommunicated, (*Cyprian, lib.* 3. *Ep.* 14.) *nisi causam acturus apud Universam plebem*: Not every sneaking Register, and peaking Surrogate, could send a Soul to *Satan*, for refusing or neglecting to give the Knave a Groat, or the like: Brave Ecclesiastical Discipline of the Church of *England!* It is just so in *Spain* and *Portugal*, but not so bad as here in our (said to be) Reformed Church of *England*. Reform'd? in what? Oh! the Service Book is in *English*, and made intelligible by the People's alternate babbling, like those illegal, irrational, and unscriptural Mock Songs of the Singing-men and Singing-boys; to feed which Mouthing Tribe, so vast an Income is Yearly thrown away in Cathedrals, that would easily supply (together with sleepy Prebendaries, when vacant,) all the scandalous Livings in *England*.

For

For what Heart can a poor Minister, of Twenty, or Thirty Pounds *per Annum*, have to study? (A Journeyman Carpenter has more: Besides, out of that, Synodals, Procurations, First Fruits, Tenths, Delapidations, Repairs, Poor-Rates, Arms, Assessments, and Taxes; besides a great deal of Money, most unconscionably, to the rich Bishop, or his Secretary, for Ordination; seven or eight Pounds more for Institution, to the Bishop; then to the rich Archdeacon for Induction, *&c.* though he seldom or never stirs one Foot about it, but he and his Register agree to Pocket up the Money: These preliminary Charges must be paid out of the poor Pittance, and Trade he cannot, Farm he may not, nay, Beg he may not; Starve he may, exeept his great Task be to study how to get Bread, Drink, and Cloaths, and how to keep out of his Creditor's Clutches, Serjeants and Bum-Bailiffs; this is his greatest Study, and closest Concern: If he can spare a Sixpence or two to buy a printed Sermon, his Study has Books enow; whilst the lazy fat Prebend and Ceremony-monger, with two Livings, a Prebendary, or Deanery, and Archdeaconry, and two or three more (unseen Incomes, Advantages, and Pluralities, drinks Wine in Bowls, and is not affected with the Affliction of *Joseph*, but is as red in the Gills as a Turkey-cock, or his scarlet Hood, ever since he was made Doctor by *Mandamus*, or the *Morrocco* Ambassador.

Vertue and Learning always shoot low, if there be not some high and glorious Mark set to aim at.

This is certain; Would you have a good Army? Pay them well: A learned Ministry? Pay them well; but do not permit (as in some Fish-ponds) Ten or Twenty great Jacks to devour all the small Fry.

How would such a Primitive Episcopacy, as I have shown here, reconcile the Difference betwixt Presbyterians and Episcoparians, and so truly construe that Saying of *Jerom*, (*Epist. ad Evagrium*) *I know not what a Bishop has more than a Presbyter, except Ordination*; which is by our Bishops (for want of Numbers) now performed by the laying on of the Hands of the Presbytery, in Conjunction with the great Bishop, who yet knew no more of the Matter, as to the Fitness of the Person ordain'd, than the Bishop himself, *viz.* by Implicit Faith, *in oculo Episcopi*, called Mr. Archdeacon, or some Surrogate, (as is usual) in his Room.

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The Apostle *Paul* from *Miletus* sent to *Ephesus*, and called the Elders of the Church, (*Acts* 20. 17.) which are there called (*Ver.* 28.) Bishops.

Nay, Mr. *Mede*, (in his Proof for Churches, in the Second Century,) evidences, That no one Bishop had more than one Altar, and that one Bishop, and one Altar, were Correlates.

But Pride, Avarice, and the Pope (first) made one Bishop serve many Altars, by Curates and Journeymen; and, in Requital, they made the Pope the One great Bishop of Bishops, *(Papa)* as every bulky Bishop is usually styled in our Ecclesiastical Histories, a Pope, *Pater Patrum*; nay, the Pope himself called our great Bishop of *Canterbury*, *alterius orbis Papa.*

And Mr. *Fuller*, a great Friend to our Episcopacy, confesses, (in his History of the Holy War, *lib.* 2. *c.* 2. *p.* 45, 46.) that Bishops were set (of Old) too thick for all to grow (tall, and to such a Height, as now,) and *Palestine* fed too many Cathedral Churches, to have them generally fat. *Lidda*, *Jamnia*, and *Joppa*, three Episcopal Towns, were within four Miles one of another; and surely, many of their Bishops (to use Bishop *Langham*'s Expression,) had high Racks, but poor Mangers: Ay! This alone will breed the Quarrel against all that I have said; my lean Project starves greedy Avarice, that will be ready to eat me for my Pains. Well, *actum est de Episcopatu meo*, this is not the Way for me to get a Pair of dainty Lawn Sleeves: I have read my own Doom, and may use the Words of Bishop *Chrysostome*, upon *Heb.* xiii. 17. ὁ γαρ φόβ& σονεκῶ κατασέει μ& τὴν Ψυχλω. The Fear of that Threatning (as they that must give an Account) makes my Soul to tremble continually; and the Pious Learned Bishops will thank me heartily; and those that are otherwise may live to amend. Here has been a sad do with some of them in this poor Kingdom, and all to keep up that Ecclesiastical Grandeur that God never made; which makes *Chrysostome* say, (in *Heb. Homil.* 34.) *I wonder how it is possible for a Bishop to go to Heaven, or to be saved.*

Read seriously his Homilies, in *Tit.* in *Act.* in *Heb.* and if thou hast Grace, thou wilt not strive so for a Bishoprick; and if thou hast not Grace, thou art not fit for a Parish Priest, to whom Bishops allow no part of Discipline, or Government; they are only to feed, not rule the Flock. But the

learned *Fuller* proceeds,— (after this Interruption,) " Nei-
" ther let it ſtagger the Reader, if in that Catalogue of
" *Tyrius* we light on many Biſhops Seats, which are not to
" be found in *Mercator*, *Ortelius*, or any other Geogra-
" pher; for ſome of them were ſuch poor Places, that they
" were aſhamed to appear in a Map, and fell ſo much under
" a Geographer's Notice, that they fell not under it:" No? But as little as it is, (*pace tua*, quaint Mr. *Fuller*,) it is a great Bull; for in that Age, Biſhops had their Sees at poor and contemptible Villages.

The Apoſtles, *Paul* and *Barnabas*, Ordained Elders (Biſhops) in every City, at *Antioch*, *Iconium*, *Derbe*, and *Lyſtra*; the Three laſt are there called Cities, *Acts* 14.

Antioch was a great City, the Third in the World, but in that almoſt all the Chriſtian Inhabitants could meet together in one Place, to hear a Sermon, *Acts* 13. 44. And *Iconium* was but a ſmall Village, ſays *Strabo*, *lib.* 12. πολίχνιον, or πολίχνη μικρὰ: And *Derbe*, only a Citadel in *Iſauria*; and *Lyſtra*, only κώμη, a Village in *Iſauria* too; and, as for the Names of Biſhops and Presbyters, or Elders, or Aldermen, they are, in Holy Writ, indifferently uſed, to ſignify one and the ſame Grand Seignior. Why are the *Arians* ſo condemn'd by the Orthodox, (as *Theodor. Synod. ep. l.* 2. *c.* 8.) for not being contented with ſmall Biſhopricks, and no bigger than a Biſhop might ſuperintend in his own Perſon, if Rapine be no Sin?

It never was a good World, ſince the Clergy and Laity drove on two ſeveral Intereſts, and two Bodies diſtinct, and made the Church one Thing, and the State another. If the Clergy endeavour to keep the People in Subjection, and under their Girdle Canonical, by Impoſitions, Canons, and Acts of Uniformity; endeavouring to Lord it over God's Heritage the Laity; no wonder that they ſtruggle for Life and Liberty, and that the Feuds and Animoſities betwixt them are Immortal: But they would die, ceaſe, and deceaſe, if Clergymen ſtudy'd to reſtore Sinners and erroneous Perſons in the Spirit of Meekneſs.

Ay; but the obſtinate will not be ſo reſtored; then let him alone, perhaps he knows more than thou doſt, that art his Teacher: However, *to his own Maſter he ſtandeth or falleth*, and thou, *by giving him Warning, haſt deliver'd thy Soul*; as to Matters of Faith and Opinion; but as to evil Works,

Works, that is the Magiſtrates Province and Care to correct and puniſh.

But if we cannot fright our Pariſhioners, they will not care a Pin for us.

No? (You ſhould ſay,) They do not care for you, nor love you, becauſe you are ſuch Scare-crows, and Bug-bears that would be: If they fear you only, they'll never love you: Do but thou labour diligently in the Word and Doctrine, and fear not, but that all good Men will give thee, of all Men living, (as the Apoſtle ſays) double Honour, which is due to a Ruling Elder; much more to the Miniſters that labour in the Word and Doctrine; though with us, (quite contrary to Scripture) the Ruling Elder (or Biſhop) is the Man of double Honour amongſt us, and the Paſtor, or Teaching Elder, muſt ſcarce keep his Hat on in the Preſence of the great Ruling Biſhop; to whom the Apoſtle, indeed, commands us to give double Honour, but more eſpecially to the Miniſters, or Paſtors, that labour in the Word and Doctrine; thoſe are the moſt Honourable, the moſt Reverend *Jure Divino*, if you believe the Holy Scriptures. But Fops mind chiefly who ſpeaks, not what is ſpoken, if it be the Word of a Lord, it is with them more valued, and obey'd, than the Word of the Lord.

Since therefore, to give a Ruling Elder, or Biſhop, more Honour than a Paſtor, or good Preacher, is expreſly againſt Holy Writ, (as aforeſaid) look you to that; but that great Scripture, which they bring to prove, that every City had a Biſhop, and but one Biſhop, and every Biſhop had but one City, you ſee, by what has been ſaid, both theſe Aſſertions are (ſufficiently proved to be) falſe; though we had no other Inſtance than in *Tit.* 1. 5. *For this Cauſe left I thee in* Crete, *to Ordain Biſhops*, κατα πόλιν (that is) καθ' ἑκαστην πόλιν; *Crete* is an Iſland, that had in it a hundred Cities, and was therefore call'd ἑκατόμ πόλις, in the Reign of *Leoſophus* the Emperor; and *Anno* 880, there were but twelve Biſhops: But at that Time, why ſhould we imagine that they were all Chriſtians? when the Third great City of the Empire, *Antioch*, where Diſciples were firſt called Chriſtians, and bigger than any City, except *Rome* and *Alexandria*, yet had no more Chriſtians in it, than one Church will hold, *Acts* 13. 44. Nay, *Jeruſalem* (where our Lord was crucified) had ſo few Chriſtians Forty Years after, at the Deſtruction there-

of, that all the Christians being warned by God to depart, did depart to *Pella*; a poor little Village, says *Eusebius*, (*lib.* 3. *c.* 5.) held them all.

But we will take it for granted, that *Titus* Ordain'd in every City (in the Island of *Crete*) a Bishop, namely, a Hundred: And, which is not at all likely, that all were Christians; (for, 'till *Constantine*'s Time, one Church held all the Christians in *Rome*; and one great Church in *Alexandria* held all the Christians there, as their Bishop *Athanasius* gives an Account in his Epistle to *Constantius*, the Son of *Constantine*,) yet *Heylin*, in his *Cosmog. p.* 263. says, There are in *Crete* but Two Hundred and seven Parishes: Then, by that Account, the great Bishops will get but a Plurality, two Parishes for their Dioceses.

And ever since that, Bishops first monopolized so many Parishes, all under their Ecclesiastical Government, there has been no Ecclesiastical Government at all, but a meer Anarchy and Confusion, as at this Day, and has been the Occasion of setting up so many Independent Churches, to take Care of themselves and one another, for whom the Ruling Bishop could not possibly take care; engrossing all Government, we have none at all, but some silly Face of it, in a poor Surrogate and Register, that minds little else than to finger the Pence, and shear the poor Clergy and Church-Wardens twice a Year in Visitations, &c. Deliver your Purse; poor Sheep escape better than we; they are clipp'd but once a Year, and the Master that feeds them has the Wool, but they that shear us, poor Lambs, take our Wool, but feed us not; they have it for nothing, and their great Revenues will not satisfy.

Let them show us one such Diocesan Bishop as we have got in *England*, in the best and purest Times; or one Bishop that ever durst pretend to govern the Church by Implicit Faith in others, for the first three Hundred Years, or any Thing like it, in Holy Scripture; or any Reason for it; or any Possibility to discharge that heavy Charge; and I'll strike out Avarice and Ambition, as the great Cause, and surrogate a better Reason in the Room, and be their Proselite: Nay, I'll stoop lower, I'll condescend to be my Lords the Bishops Chaplain, and Apologist.

But if all their Skill cannot do it, then it is high Time to recant and repent, that Iniquity may not be our Ruin; and

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to restore the Lamb Four fold; and because rich *Dives* had no more Pity of his Brethren, whom the rich Diocesan calls (according to the Style in the Primitive Church) *Reverend Brother*, and *Brother*, but looks over the Head of his Brother Elder, or Presbyter, as if a *Congé d'Eslire* had made him a *Saul*, and higher by the Head, when he only struts, (being rich) and stands a Tip-toe, but is not a better Man, nor a better Scholar than he was before.

It may hinder his Worth and Learning (rather) by Avocations, running from Ordinations, to the House of Lords, thence to the Court, thence to the Council Chamber, thence to Confirmations, thence to Visitations, *&c.* If these do not hinder a Man's Study and Improvement, I have lost my Aim.

Let them but read Mr. *Baxter*'s learned Book of Episcopacy, or Archbishop *Cranmer*'s Opinion of Ordination; this latter a learned and holy Martyr, the former a most learned and pious Confessor: Or let them but read the New Testament, and there is little or no Difference at all, betwixt a Presbyter, or Elder, and Bishop; what in one Verse is called Presbyter, in the next is called Bishop; as *Bethlehem* the Town is the same with *Bethlehem* the City aforesaid: And a Parish signified the same with Diocese.

The Golden Key always gets Absolution, which in Gospel Times, and the Primitive Times, never was purchased but with Tears, in the midst of the Congregation.

The Council of *Sardica*, in the fourth Century, *Anno* 347, saw this deviliſh Mischief coming trowling into the Church, and a perpetual Strife and Contest about the Borders and Limits, as litigious as now at *Doctors-Commons*, about the Probate of Wills, and about Letters of Administration; namely, Who shall get the Money? Whether the Bishop's, or Archdeacon's Courts of that Diocese where the Man died, or else a Prerogative Case, by the *bona notabila*, of the Value of five or ten Pounds? Old Doings there were: Wherefore the said Council made a Decree, *(Can. 6.)* "That no Bi-"shop should be made in a Village, or little Town, for "which one Presbyter might well suffice; because it is not "necessary to make a Bishop's See there, lest the Name and "Authority be render'd contemptible." There were Three Hundred and Forty Bishops there, (which exceeded the Number of the General Council of *Nice*, and they took care

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for the Honour of their own Function,) yet they add, "That "when the People in a Town shall grow so numerous (a "Hundred and Fifty was the common Stint for a Presbyter's "Care and Cure) then that Village deserves to have a Bi-"shop, and ought to have one."

By this Rule, *London* had need have more than Forty Bishops; and this would whet Industry, and make Men study to be Workmen that need not to be asham'd, lest the People should never chuse them, (as of Old they did;) whereas now, if they can but buy an Advowson, or next Avoidance, or a Patron, *&c.* let the People go whistle, they are their Feeders and Pastors in spite of their Teeths.

But how can Men relish what is cramm'd down their Throats, (as Capons are serv'd,) or given them with a Horn, like a Drench? This makes an immortal Feud and Disgust, generally, betwixt the Physick'd Patients, and their Ecclesiastical (not Fathers, but) Farriers, that force open their Mouths, and pour down what they please. Thus are the People treated like Brutes, rather than Men and Christians, they are like to be good ones; But what cares the Reading Don of the Pulpit? He cries, I am instituted and inducted, come to your Parish Church, the Horse and the poor Ass must graze where he is tied; I'll feed you in spite of your Teeth: Ay, and starve us too, in spite of our Teeth.

There is neither Reason nor Religion for this: If he were never so good a Physician of Souls, all he says is accepted with Prejudice, and disgustful; for let his Potion be never so wholesome, it goes against any wise Man's Stomach to be drench'd. This is the Fault (also) of our Constitution, and wonderful are the Inconveniencies that follow this, as Animosities betwixt Minister and People, Suits at Law about his Maintenance, for they pay as they hear, only so much as they are forced to; and as for the Care of their Souls, they'll trust him no more than they will their Bodies with a Physician of another Man's chooſing.

Patrons will lose nothing by parting with their Advowson's, not a Farthing honestly: Yes, you'll say, he may make it a Portion for his Daughter, or to his Waiting Maid, to a poor Parson that will leap at her.

But this is the worst of Symonies, and such never thrives no more than other Symonists, a Curse attends it, and blasts all; this is Smock Symony: In other Symonies, Money makes the

the Mare to go; but in this, the Jade makes the Parson ride, that must otherwise have gone on Foot.

Besides, the most of the Livings in *England* are in the King's Gift, or the Chancellor's, or the Bishop's, or the Universities; few have private Patrons, except Noblemen, Gentlemen and Papists; the former are all too noble to coin their Advowsons, and the last, the Papists, are very unfit, nay, they are, by Law, incapacitated after Conviction.

It is certain, that wherever *the Carcase is, there will the Eagles be gather'd together*; every Man that is at a Loss for Preferment, or for greater Preferment, will be sure to enquire, Which is the Way thither? And if Symony, Smock Symony, or a Ceremony, be the Way and the Door, thither the Clergy make Application, it is their great Aim and Study; thence comes the common Ignorance, Laziness, dead and dull Preaching, or rather Reading, because it is easy, most in Request with the great Dons, that can do no better, and is therefore more acceptable than the best.

But if you make Merit the only Way to Preferment, then you will have a pious, learned, loving, and lovely Clergy, that will go Hand in Hand, and Heart in Heart, with their People, and nothing thought too good for them; but now, what they get is only got with Scrambling, in all Places, especially in Pluralities.

By Pluralities, I do not mean two or three Parishes, for one Parish may be ten Times more a Plurality, (as St. *Andrew's Holborn)* than twenty *Norfolk*, or *Essex* Livings in some Places.

And I wish, that the Right Reverend Clergyman, who was so sagacious (as some little Animals are,) to leave the falling House, and therefore left his Seat in the High Commission Court, lest if he stay'd any longer, it had fallen upon his Head, would also be as sagacious as to leave his inconsistent Pluralities. What Sense is it for a Bishop to be a Deacon? For the due joining of (which two) Words in Construction, *Subintelligitur*, *Avaritia.*

And (by way of Parenthesis, now I have named that High Commission Court, I cannot but remember one Word used by my old Friend, Lord *Jeffery*, soon after, in my Lord of *London*'s Case, repeated, *viz. Raptim*, we do all Things here (quoth he) *Raptim*, rashly, in haste, without thinking, without Consideration, without Writing, without

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so much as a Clerk, or Register: Ay, the wiser, for *litera Scripta Manet*, (but enough of that,) and of Bishops, at present.

CHAP. IV.

Of Ordination.

I Never could understand any thing by Ordination, but what Archbishop *Cranmer* makes it, a setting apart Bishops; as a Constable, a Justice, or a Judge, is Ordained for some special Work: And the greater and more sacred the Work is, the greater and more sacred is the Ordination.

The Church, the whole Church did this in the Gospel Times, and long after; so says *Jerom*, *Requiritur in Sacerdote Ordinando etiam populi præsentia*; the People's Presence is necessary when Men are Ordain'd; not as here, by a Mockery of this ancient Custom, Ordaining Men in a Congregation, who are as ignorant as the Bishop, in reference to their Person, Conversations, Learning, or Abilities: But, in the purest and primitive Times, they were always Ordain'd by the Church, as well as in the Church, and sometimes by laying on of Hands of the Presbytery alone, as *Titus*; and sometimes by the whole Church, as *Barnabas* and *Saul*; the laying on of Hands was only a *Jewish* Custom, or Ceremony, pointing out the Person Ordain'd; it was not the Hands did any thing, none are so foolish to think that, except Vertue could go out by touching; as when our Saviour touched the Woman, (not willingly) which had an Issue of Blood, none are so blasphemously silly, as to pretend that: Indeed, the Sign is taken often for the Thing signified; as, *For this Cause bow I the Knee to the Father*; and *sine stantibus non staret mundus*; and, *neglect not the Gift of God that was given thee by the laying on of the Hands of the Presbytery*; by all which Ceremonies of kneeling, standing, and laying on of Hands, is only meant Prayers made when they were

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in that Posture: Now who can imagine then that the Presence of a Bishop is more needful than the Presence of the Presbyters, or People? Except he could pray more heartily, and more spiritually than the rest.

Which he usually was supposed to do, because his Worth (not his Friends, Relations, Money, or Kindred,) advanced him, in Gospel Times, and in the Primitive Times. When *Timothy* was Ordain'd a Bishop, the Presbyters only did it; except Presbyters and Bishops be only two Names for one Person, as undoubtedly they are: After-Times did distinguish them, How? only by Precedency, as the Chairman of a Committee, the Speaker, he that in Sessions gives the Rule of Court; but no better Men, nor other Character, than his other Brethren the Justices, or Members, except for Order-sake, Precedency.

And therefore for Order-sake, the Bishop with the Presbyters, or the Presbyters, or (in Default) any Church Member, or the whole Church, might have laid on Hands, as well as have pray'd at an Ordination. Thus when the Holy Ghost had chosen *Paul* and *Barnabas*, they had their Mission from the whole Church, *Acts* 13. 2, 3. *Jerom* and *Chrysostome* agree, that there is no Difference betwixt a Presbyter and Bishop, but only Ordination; and that was by Custom, as the best Man, not as the sole Man; he never could lawfully Ordain, but in his own Church, and his own Church Members only, and by the Consent of the rest of the Members: For Bishops, for three Hundred Years after *Christ*, had no more Souls in their Dioceses than they were intimately and familiarly acquainted with: This makes *Chrysostome* say, that notwithstanding the Custom of a Bishop's Presence at Ordination, yet betwixt Presbyters and Bishops there was little or no Difference, (*Homil.* 11. *in* 1 *Tim.*) ἐ πολὺ τὸ μεσὸν. very little Difference; and in Scripture Times nothing at all. *Theophilect* calls it, *ferme nihil*, next to nothing; namely, Precedency; but the Church, in Scripture, or the Faithful, Ordain'd as many Bishops as was needful; and may not Presbyters Ordain now, without a Bishop's Presence, as well as of old in Scripture Times, or as well as Bishops do Ordain Archbishops and Metropolitans?

But, in Holy Writ, if any had the Precedency, the Presbyter had it; *The Presbyters that are amongst you* (saith St. *Paul*,) *I exhort, who am also a Presbyter*, 1 *Pet.* 5. 1.

no greater Titles of Honour can be given, than what Age and Nature gives; thence comes Sieur, Monſieur, Sire, and Sir, or Father; Madam, a diminutive of Dame, or Dam, Madam, my Dam, or Mother; and Age being honourable, the greateſt Title of Honour is thence derived, Senior, Seniore, Seignior, Grand Seniore, in *Spaniſh*, *Italian*, and *Lingua Franka*: Presbyter amongſt the *Greeks*, Elder, or Alderman, or Earl, (all is one Derivative from Seniority,) ſo that if People be ambitious of a Name, Presbyter, or Earl, Alderman, or Earl of the Church, is far before Overſeer, or Biſhop; whoſe Dioceſe was, at firſt, no bigger than that he might eaſily overſee it, or ſee over it; now it is monſtrous.

The Burden of a Biſhop is ſo great, and the Danger greater in Male-Adminiſtration, that *Chryſoſtome* (*Homil. xiii.* 33. *c.* 13. in *Heb.* 13. 17.) ſays, τι λέγεις; αγρυπνεῖ; κίνδυνον ἔχει κατα τῆς αυτῆ κεφαλῆς; What ſay'ſt? Does he watch for Souls? Yea, and at his Peril too; Does not the horrid Hazard threaten his Head?

But what cares ſome Men for the Thunder of Heaven's Vengeance, till it fall upon them? They are ſtouter than thoſe two atheiſtical Emperors, *Tiberius* and *Caligula*, they would run under Ground, in Vaults and Caves, when it thunder'd: But ſome are as unrelenting as the High-Prieſt of *Rome*, called *Julius Cæſar*, that, notwithſtanding that he read Divinity Lectures in *Rome*, to the People, was the greateſt Robberer and Murderer in the World, and ſacrificed to his ambitious and greedy Rapacity, the braveſt Commonwealth that ever the Sun ſaw; but he fell in the Height of his Jollity, and ſo ſhall all miſerably, whoſe Portion is (as they deſire) in this Life only.

In ſhort, the Difference betwixt Presbyter and Biſhop, in Holy Writ, is nothing at all; no, not in Ordination: As in *Africa*, Presbyters did ordain, and ſo now, (at this Day,) in *Germany*, *France*, and in the moſt Proteſtant Churches: And muſt we ſchiſmatize from Scripture, and from all the Proteſtants in the World, to follow a Cuſtom they got into the *Greek* Church: (Forty Cuſtoms they had beſides this, contrary to Scripture Cuſtoms;) *Chryſoſtome* being a *Greek* Biſhop; and *Hieron*, though writing in *Latin*, yet dwelling and converſing amongſt the *Greeks*, but would never make ſo bold a Venture as to be a Biſhop, in thoſe Times, in the fourth Century, when the Task was forty Times eaſier,

er, becauſe the Province, or Dioceſe, was forty Times leſs; nay, a hundred Times leſs than now in *England* and *Wales*: Beſides κατα πολὶν (make the moſt on't) is but *per Civitates*, along the Cities, which being a hundred in *Crete*, and the Pariſhes but two Hundred and ſeven, and not a tenth Part Chriſtians, this κατα πολὶν is only fillily conſtrued to make ſuch Havock as it has, both in the State, and all true Devotion.

Yet Men drink Healths to the Proſperity of the Church of *Englaud*; if they mean hereby a good Health to the Proteſtant Head of the Church, and the Proteſtant Members, (the only true Meaning) with all my Heart, let it paſs.

But if by the Church of *England*, they ſcandalouſly mean thereby only the great Dioceſans, that cannot poſſibly watch over Souls, except by implicit Faith in the Black-Guard of Apparitors, Sumners, Regiſters, Proctors, Canoniſts, Lay-Vicars, Vicar-Generals, Commiſſaries, Officials, Surrogates, (or I do not know who) at the General Rendezvouz, and Head Quarters at *Doctors-Commons*; What an Affront is this to the true Proteſtant Church of *England*?

I grant, that the Papiſts have all this whole ragged Regiment, and by the ſame Names too, and for the ſame Service in their Popiſh Muſter-Roll.

Yes, you'll ſay, our Litany is in *Engliſh*, the Maſs Litany in *Latin*; and the Saints are omitted; and *Te Deum* is ſung in *Engliſh*, or half jabber'd over unintelligibly, after the firſt Leſſon; *We praiſe thee, O God! We acknowledge thee to be the Lord*; *All the Earth doth worſhip thee*, &c. All the Earth? I wiſh it did; but in my little Travels, I know it is falſe; for more than half the Earth are Infidels to this Day: There we are out of the Truth, whatever be the Tune; And why do all the People ſay this Verſe? There's no Rule, no Rubrick for it.

But I am quite tired, it is endleſs to find Fault; I had much rather ſee it amended: The Common-prayer Book is the more amiable to me, as old Gold is more acceptable than new, it has been long tried, and has endured the Teſt pretty well, which is more than can be ſaid of any other Deſultory Prayers, that, like new Guineas, may many Times be counterfeit; but as the moſt tried Gold will well endure, ſo it may ſometimes need the Refiner's Fire.

But as for the said Black-Guard of Sumners, Surrogates, Apparitors, Informers, Registers, &c. that live by the Sins of the People, it is as much beyond the Art of Man to mend a broken Cobweb; and when you have used your utmost Skill, it will not quit Cost: I have studied the Point, and yet am I not one Jot the better Artist at it, than I was seven Years ago.

Never was there such Church Discipline, and such Ecclesiastical Fellows to manage it, in the whole Christian World, (except amongst the Papists,) they indeed have the like Harpies, but every private Priest there is more than a Bishop here, can take Confessions, search their Entrails, and enjoin Pennance.

And in *Italy*, at this Day, they have many Dioceses that are not half so big, nor by half so rich and populous as the Parishes of St. *Andrew's Holborn*, St. *Margaret's Westminster*, St. *Martin's*, *Stepney*, St. *Giles*, and many others; yet not any one of these is thought a Charge great enough for one single Shoulder under the Bishop; whereas good St. *Augustine* knew not how to discharge alone the Episcopal Work of little *Hippo*, without Co-adjutors; and in the little Territory adjoining, there were many Bishops; as, one at the Castle *Synica*, near *Hippo*, another at the Castle *Fussula*, *ad Ecclesiæ Hipponensis Paræciam (August. de Civitate Dei l. 22. c. 8. Epist. 261. Epist. 68.) Ecce Interim Episcopos nostros, qui sunt in Regione Hipponensi, ubi à vestris tanta mala patimur convenite:* Assemble our Bishops that are in the Territory of *Hippo*, &c. Bishops that had a City to govern, did not use to Bishop it in the Territory adjoining; the Bishop of *Rome* never pretended that his Diocese of *Rome* reach'd beyond the City; for at this Day there are Forty Bishops in the Territory of *Rome*; and of old, there were Sixty Nine Bishops there, and not one of their Dioceses is so great, so populous, and so rich as St. *Andrew's Holborn*.

This which I have said is enough to pious Bishops; but to such as are given to filthy Lucre, nothing will satisfy but more Mammon, more, more. Even Pope *Leo* himself condemns such Bishops, saying, *Dominari magis quum Consulere subditis quærunt*; They make it their Business to domineer, but not to consult the Welfare of those under their Charge.

Charge. Pope *Gregory* appointed Twelve Bishops in the County of *York*, *Respons. ad* 8. *Interrog.)*

Surely our Bishops and great Doctors have contemptible Thoughts of the Common-prayers, as a mean, underling Office, or else, why do they put mean underling Curates, and Singing-Men (Sadlers, or Coblers, that can sing, and therefore) made Deacons, to serve to read Prayers, and sing them to some Tune; and as soon as that Drudgery is over, then away goes the Querister to his Shop,) whilst the Doctor and the Bishop reserve themselves for the topping Pulpit, if they say any thing, except *Benedicite*, leaving the Common-prayer to Readers; some School-boys, not yet emancipated from School-dames, will read more audibly and distinctly than many of them In short, the Common-prayer (if mended,) will serve for a Crutch to the Lame; and though I (blessed be God) need none, yet the Crutch must not be thrown out of the Church; for then you must throw the Parson after it, (generally) all *England* over. The Common-prayer Book? Oh! 'tis all in all; it is a Crutch to the lame Parson, Eyes to the blind Parson, and puts Words into the Mouth of the (otherwise) dumb Parson; nay, it is Ears too to the deaf Disciples, and mimick Ceremony-monger, the very Otacousticon of the Spirit; therefore, here's my Hand to it, it shall have my Vote, for my poor Brethren's sake; upon Condition though, that it be not cramm'd down other Men's Throats, that need not be so fed, but can chew what they swallow; and also upon Condition, that we do no longer exclude a great Part of Holy Scripture, to make room for *Tobit* and his Dog, I mean, the *Apocrypha*.

Have we not *Apocryphal* and unscriptural Ceremony-mongers enow, that fill up the Steeples and high Places in the Church, like a great crack'd Bell, that is good for nothing but to fill up the Vacancy; but must *Apocryphal* Books too justle the Holy Scriptures also out of the Church? You'll say, The Mass-book did it before we did it: Yea, that's true; so a Popish Interest also possibly brought this great crack'd Bell into a Protestant Steeple: (What does it do there?) there it hangs; but had never been hang'd so high, but that it was crack'd, and good for nothing, but to give an unintelligible and jarring Sound, to keep out a better; and in room of a better, it will serve well enough to make up the Number of the Yea's and the Nose.

Well

Well may this crack'd Ceremony-monger dread a wiſe and a pious, and honeſt *Engliſh* Parliament, more than he fears either God or the Devil, more than Heaven, or Hell; leſt they ſpy this Church Cobweb, (though it hang aloft,) and ſweep it down, or new caſt this uſeleſs crack'd Bell.

Thus have I run him to an unavoidable Dilemma, one of the Horns whereof muſt gore my Ceremony monger; for if he obſtinately perſiſt in his irrational and illegal Ceremonies, the Law and the next Jury deprives him by his own celebrated Act, the Act of Uniformity, which condemns all Ceremony-mongers, and all Ceremonies, not contain'd in the Common prayer Book.

But if he recant, abhor, repent and forſake his illegal and Popiſh-like Ceremonies, we have got the Day, he is converted to be a good Man; and will then voluntarily relinquiſh that Burden, which no Mortal can bear, for fear of the Torments eternal, which none can bear; the Saying of St. *Chryſoſtome* (in *Heb.* 13. 17. *Homil. ult.* 34.) will penetrate his hard Heart and ſeared Conſcience, θαυμαζω τι ποτε ἐστὶ τῶν ἀρχόντων σωθῆναι, &c. *I wonder in my Heart* (ſays he) *how it is poſſible for a chief Biſhop in the Church to be ſaved*, &c. The High Prieſt *Aaron* ſaid, *Nolo Epiſcopari*; *Moſes* alſo was as loth to come into the Collar; *Send by the Hand of whom thou wilt ſend*, (ſaid he) in a Pet, to God Almighty; foreſeeing the dreadful Burden. St. *Chryſoſtome*, in that Homily, ſays in Effect, concerning a great Biſhop, as one ſaid of an Executor, *viz. If I had a Mind to ſend a Man to the Devil, I would make him my Executor, and if I had a Mind to ſend a Man to the Devil, I would make him a great Lord*—— Bleſs me! that vain ambitious Man ſhould hope to climb Heaven by that very Sin of Haughtineſs and Pride, which made *Lucifer* a Devil.

But nothing is here propoſed but what is eaſy, good for all, ſound, pure, primitive, and practicable, as well as profitable, and hurts no body; no, not the great Dioceſan, and ſleepy fat Prebend, in their preſent Incumbencies and Poſſeſſions, if they can (with a ſafe Conſcience) continue them.

For St. *Chryſoſtome* is bolder with ſuch Biſhops as are ſo addicted to filthy Lucre, that he quite incapacitates them for the Place, (*Homil.* 2. *in Ep. ad Tit. c.* 1.) ὁ περὶ τὰ χρήματα χολάζων, &c. ἅτοπος ἀναξιος, *hic utindignus Sacerdotio*

tio eſt removendus; let him be depoſed, (nay, degraded,) as unworthy of that holy Function.

Some Repairs, of Neceſſity, muſt be done (as the Wiſdom of a pious King and Parliament ſhall think meet,) upon thoſe that have by their ſilly, illegal, and foppiſh, and Popiſh-like Conſtitutions and Ceremonies, reduced all true Devotion to a meer Phariſaical and outſide Superſtition, (which is alſo very ſilly and nonſenſical) to boot.

Does not St. *Cyprian* tell us, (*Ep.* 68.) That in the Ordination of *Sabinus*, the Biſhoprick was conferr'd upon him by the Suffrage (that is, the Vote) of the whole Fraternity, (or Brethren,) and by the Judgment of the Biſhops that met together in our Preſence? &c.

That Exhortation in the Common-prayer Book, before the Communion, concerning the quieting of a troubled Conſcience, (when the guilty Perſon thinks himſelf not qualified ſufficiently for the receiving that bleſſed Sacrament,) gives the Miniſter Power of Abſolution; that is, Power of the Keys, the Church Keys, (good Reaſon!) of his own Church; whereby I judge, that every Miniſter has Power to looſe what any Regiſter, or Biſhop, or Surrogate, has bound, if he think fit; though they alſo have bound the Spirit down to Hell, or his Body afterwards lies bound (for want of Abſolution) in a Jail: I think a Miniſter has Power (like *Orpheus*) to fetch him back from *Satan*, but not from the Jailor: Is not this to give the Power of the Keys to a Miniſter by the Statute, or Common-prayer Book, which the common Practice, or Canons, do not allow or admit? This is to give and take again; this is to give we do not know what; this is to give the great Biſhop more Eyes than thoſe ſame large Eyes, call'd Archdeacon's; this is to give Miniſters that Power that *Chriſt* gives them, to Rule and Feed; for ποιμανετε, in 1 *Pet.* 5. 2. ſignifies both Feed and Rule, and one as much as the other, God has join'd them together, and woe be to him that ſeparates thoſe whom God hath join'd together, only to gratify his own ambitious and avaricious Claw, that graſps more than it can poſſibly hold.

Never could any Biſhop, or Prieſt, (with whom I ever yet did diſcourſe the Point, either here, or beyond Sea,) alledge any Reaſon, why the Presbyters ſhould not be Helps in Government, rather than ſilly and raſcally Regiſters, Sumners, Officials, Canoniſts, &c. except that the Work being divided amongſt

amongſt his Brethren, in Time, the Wages would be divided alſo; whereas the other Free-booters, Eccleſiaſtical, or rather Mungrels, (party-per-pale,) Lay-Elders, went, no Purchaſe, no Pay, and, perhaps, gave Money too, to purchaſe ſuch a Spiritual Letter of Mart; ay, and get good Booty too by the Venture.

In ſhort, ſuch monſtrouſly bulky Biſhopricks (as now we have) has formerly been found too dangerouſly big for the King and Kingdom, as well as uneaſy for the People.

Methinks it looks like *Tom of Lincoln*, (the great Cathedral Bell there,) too big for Uſe, or to call Men to Church; it would well make Ten good and uſeful Bells, (if well caſt,) whereas now it ſerves for nothing but a Show; and only the Name rings all the Kingdom over, but good for nothing but to be gazed at, and admired (by Women and Fools) for its huge Dimenſions; and is certainly a too much over grown Thing: Since the Days of the Martyr *Ignatius*, Biſhop of *Antioch*, and Contemporary with ſome of the Apoſtles, when he ſays, *Every Altar ſhould have a Biſhop*, meaning (certainly) a Presbyter, or ſomething very little different: Nay, (in his *Epiſt. ad Smyr.*) he ſays, *It is not lawful, without the Biſhop, to Baptize, or hold a Love Feaſt, or any Eccleſiaſtical Aſſembly*, &c. Certainly then, a Biſhop was not Omnipreſent, or an *Ubiquetarian*, or elſe nothing like to the Biſhop's Office (at this Day) amongſt us perform'd.

Shall we call thoſe ſeparate Congregations Schiſms from the Catholick Church, when they keep to the Primitive Rule from which our Conſtitution has ſwerved? What Vote Avarice and Ambition had in making ſuch a Conſtitution, by Precedent from the Hierarchy of *Rome*, let others judge, I ſhall not dogmatically determine.

But (ſome ſay,) though the Biſhop cannot ſee from the Cathedral what is done all over the County, Shires, and Towns of his Dioceſe, yet he can ride about, and go the Rounds, and viſit them; and ſo he is bound to go or ride once in three Years.

And what Improvement is made by ſuch Trienial Viſits, in any thing except his Purſe, and the Thing he calls Confirmation? Can he poſſibly be a ſufficient Shepherd and Biſhop of Souls, or Phyſician of Souls, that has not ſo much as ſpoke with (or viſited) one of a thouſand in his Dioceſe? Nay,

Nay, grant that he do nothing elſe all the Year (if it be not a Parliament Year,) but viſit his Flock, we'll grant him for every Town, Village, or Pariſh, two or three Days in one Year, and by that Account, in that two Days, he cannot have examined above the tenth Part, or Tythe of the Pariſh, nor heard their Cauſes and Complaints, for above one tenth Part, and what ſhall become of the other Nine? Nay, What ſhall become of that ſame tenth Part, 'till the next Year's Viſit? the Patient may be dead in that Time, as well as all the Nine, that get no Relief from his Epiſcopal Hands.

Oh! But other Curates, Journeymen, and Apparitors, *&c.* do the Work for him: That ſurrogated Folly has been ſufficiently anſwer'd already; not but that ſometimes he may, by implicit Faith, ſhooting at Rovers, hit the Mark; but it is as the blind Man ſhot the Crow, more by Luck than by Wit.

In ſhort, when a bounteous Prince publiſhes the Banns, betwixt a needy, greedy Doctor, and a great, fat, bulky, unweildy Biſhoprick, the Match is ſoon made up, generally, though Conſcience, (ſtartled a little at the tremendous Account, and Impoſſibility, and Impotency of Performance,) does whiſperingly, perhaps, forbid the Banns; Avarice and Ambition are loud and lewd Speakers, and can ſoon ſilence the Whiſper of a Conſcience, that, like ſome drowzy Judge, is ſcarcely awake when he paſſes Sentence: And the Contract once ſolemnized publickly in the Church, the Divorce is not ſo eaſy.

No? Is not the Divorce eaſy in Caſe of Impotence, and Impoſſibility of giving the Church due Benevolence, the only Deſign and End of ſuch a Contract? The Civilians cheat us, if ſuch an Impotence be not a ſufficient, a lawful, and neceſſary Cauſe of Divorce; nay, worſe, it is (ſome ſay) *ipſo facto*, void, where there is *Error perſonæ*, or not a fit Man for the Turn. But I'll urge no parabolical Arrguments ſo far as (if I liſt) I can make them go: If before God, and *in foro Conſcientiæ*, they can anſwer it, I leave them to thoſe two Judges. Is it any Wonder to ſee a Church barren and unfruitful of any thing, but Puppit-like, and Apiſh, as well as irrational Ceremonies, ſuperficial and perfunctory Devotions, (the only Fruits of ſuch decrepid Sons of the

Church,) which are begot when Impotency is supplied by fumbling Registers, Apparitors, Lay-Chancellors, or Lay-Elders, and forsworn Church-Wardens?

St. *Paul* (indeed) had upon him the Care of all the Churches; namely, to advise them, and leave Presbyters and Bishops to guide, rule, and feed them, but did not Excommunicate, or Ordain by Implicit Faith. When Presbyters were Ordain'd, he left the whole Government and Management of the Church to their Care and Prudence; but he never undertook the Load of a whole County, two or three, upon his own single Shoulders, left with such a Weight he could never mount Heaven, but rather be cast down to the nethermost Hell, and become a Cast-away by Male-Administration, and Impossibility of performing that Office and Undertaking. The Apostle himself could not manage a Plurality.

A Plurality? What's that? Not such a thing as it is commonly taken and accepted to be, *viz.* two or three poor Parishes; for one Parish (such as St. *Audrews Holborn*,) has twenty Times more People than twenty Country Parishes, (so unequally are Parishes divided) both as to Numbers and Estates. A Plurality then is more People than any one Man can probably visit and regard, either by reason of their Numbers, or Distance of Place: No Men did Rule or Feed the People (in the Scripture Times, purest and primitive Times) by Proxies, Journeymen-Curates, Sureties, Regisiters, Surrogates, or Implicit Faith; 'tis Nonsence all over, as well as irreligious, until blind Men can learn to see (as our Great Men do now) by other Men's Eyes, and Implicit Faith. I grant, that the blind Beggar of *Bednal-Green* did do his Business by the Eyes of his Dog and a Bell, and got (they say) thereby a great Estate; but still, in Spirituals, it will not hold good; and if it would, it would be no great Honour for a Bishop to be accounted the great blind Beggar Ecclesiastical; yet, so he must always beg the Question, and do his great Church-Works by blind Implicit Faith, or else he cannot possibly do Business.

Therefore, some Repairs must of Necessity be done, and in Time too; or else, a Church, so crazy in her Discipline, and so nonsensical in her Ceremonies, cannot stand long, prop it how we can.

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The Papists uphold theirs with Dragoons, Constables, Jailors, Sumners, Registers, Hangmen, and the Inquisition; with Curses, Anathema's, Capiasses, Tortures, and Jails: If any Body make Experiment of like Props, they'll find them rotten, and give them the Slip now in these Days; and God help us, when Governors (whose Duty it is to reform,) do neglect so long, (as fifty Years ago, in *Scotland*,) 'till the People could bear no longer, and took them to do; but the People are but Tinker-like Reformers; if they mend one Hole, they make two.

Force and Jails, Impositions, *&c.* might do in the Days of Ignorance. A *German* Writer tells us, "That the "People were so silly there, (before *Luther*'s Time,) and "so devoutly Priest-ridden, that if the Priests had bid "them, they would have eat Grass, as our Asses and Jades "do."

But those happy Days are done and past; nor must we expect such Success: Formerly, the Priests were the only Clerks, the only Scholars, and the Gentry went to no School, but the Dancing-School; but now quite contrary, the Gentry are the most accomplish'd Vertuoso's in true Knowledge, and the great Accomplishment of a Clergy Ceremony-monger, is to go learn his Cringings, Bowings, and Alamode Postures Ecclesiastical, at the two Academies (those two Fountains) of such Dancing-Literature, and modish Ceremonies; wherein being pretty well improved in seven Years, in so hot and long a Skirmish of *Ergo versus Ergo*, it is but addressing to some cast Chamber-maid, or Groom to a Patron, that has a void Living in his Gift, and he is forthwith, by the Help of Implicit Faith, made free of the Pulpit: This may be done, because it is frequently done, and then the Flock are not guidable by such a Novice; but go to the Conventicles, and seek out for better Pastures. What then? Then they are presented; And what then? Then the Registers shears them, takes their Fleeces, and lets them go, to gather more Wool against the next Clipping-Time, the next Visitation, which begins (as all other Matters of that Nature) with a *Nomine Domini*, a Sermon; then call over the Clergy, to be ready to pay their Visitations to the Registers, whilst the Bishop's great Eye, (Mr. Archdeacon,) is

getting himself a Stomach to his Dinner, with Wine and Oysters: The next Question is, — Is Dinner ready? Then, after Dinner, call what's to pay; there the poor Clergy must pay again after Dinner, when they had paid for it once before, in their Procurations and Synodals, before they eat a Bit. Well, the World grows worse and worse: Old Bishop *Humfrey*, late Bishop of *London*, did, indeed, make us pay our Visits, or Procurations, (intended and given, at first,) to bear Charges, and pay the common Reckoning, and so he did, we never paid twice; but that Innovation came in as soon as he was dead.

Then, after Dinner, to Church they go again, (when the Clergy are shorn,) to do as much to the Church-Wardens, and swearing them, to be forsworn; (for no Man ever did, or can keep that Oath:) Sometimes a Church-Warden pays four or five Shillings, sometimes two Shillings and Fourpence; the Sell-Soul seldome refuses ready Money: Then take in their Presentments; and having thereby Notice where the Covy lies, by the Help of his Stalking-Horse, (the Apparitor,) he catches some, to be sure, in his Net, whence they never escape, but with the Loss of some Feathers, at least.

Well may the Fops say, *Here's a Health to the Church of England*, for never did any sickly Church stand in more Need thereof: If, by the Church, they mean the said Black Guard, and ragged Regiment of Sumners, Jailors, sworn (I had almost said, forsworn) Church-Wardens, Apparitors, Registers, Surrogates, Officials, and Ceremony-mongers. Here's an Ecclesiastical Body of a Church for you! The like of it is no where in the World; for though the Papists have the same Tools, and for the same Use, and by the same Names called and known, yet every Priest Secular, (besides the swarming Monks, and itinera Friers) performs more Ecclesiastical Discipline, in their Way, than the best Bishop does here, in making Penitents. Is it not high Time for our Governors to imitate our Blessed Saviour, and make a Whip of small Cords, and slash these Ecclesiastical Money-changers out of the Temple?

When Curs get into the Church, the Sexton does not stand asking how they came in, (when he sees the Doors stand open,)

open,) but whips them out: Even ſo, it is a Folly to ſpend Time in enquiring how theſe Ceremony-mongers, and ragged Regiment got ſo high into Church, but ſlaſh them out. For though the Favour of a Jeſuit, or a Court Whore, might have done Wonders, in putting a great flapping Cap upon my Ceremony-monger's Head, yet I cannot imagine how they could open his Scull, and put in more Brains; except Scholars and Wits could be made (like Knights,) by dubbing, or as Kings make Lords, by Letters Patents.

Not but that the Vulgar, and the Fool himſelf thinks himſelf Somebody, for Wit and Knowledge, (forſooth,) Vertue and Valour, more than before his Father, or Elder Brother died; or before he got (I know how,) to be a Court Favourite. But, anatomize and rip him up, and you will not find him to be made of Clay one Jot more refined (than other Mortals, by the Sound or Title of Honour;) but he that was a Fool and a Coward before, is ſo ſtill, though he had Fools Fortune, the Luck to have a King for his Godfather, and to give him a Name; but, in all other Reſpects, he is juſt as God Almighty made him, and as his Sin and Ignorance has polluted him, only a great deal more lofty and confident, (I dare not ſay) impudent, proud, and high.

But the Canons of our Church, (now in Force, I'll prove,) foreſeeing the Arrogance Eccleſiaſtical, took Care (as well as our Saviour did) to prevent it: Nay, even in minute Matters, ſuch as that, namely, That a Biſhop ſhould not ſuffer a Presbyter (his Reverend Brother) ſo much as to ſtand bare, or keep off his Hat in his Preſence, and imitate our Saviour in waſhing his Diſciples Feet; both of thoſe ſignificant Ceremonies had no other Meaning, but the Ruin of Prelatical Pride, which begun amongſt the very Twelve Apoſtles, as ſoon as ever they came from receiving the Sacrament, or firſt Holy Supper, they fell a juſtling each other for the Place, being at Strife amongſt themſelves, who ſhould be Pope, or Archbiſhop.

Juſt like the Mother of *James* and *John*, the Love of Prelatical Pride made her pray, (ſuch was the Height of her Devotion,) that her Sons might ſit Cheek by Jowle with our Bleſſed Saviour upon the Throne, one on the Right Hand,

Hand, and the other on the Left: Let not my Ink (herein) seem too corrosive, it is the more proper Remedy to cure this spreading, cancrous, and Ecclesiastical Ring-worm, that defaces the Beauty of a Churchman, making him more like *Lucifer* than *Christ*, who was meek and lowly.

I have compared Popish Prelacy (which I have seen beyond Sea, as well as read of,) with our *English* Prelacy, and I profess in the Presence of Almighty God, and before Men, that I could not discern any the least Difference, within nor without, more than what was between two Crows Eggs, no specifical Difference, but most individual; and where there is any Difference, the Papists have much more Reason for theirs, than we for ours.

For an *Italian* Bishop has not the hundredth Part so big a Diocese, neither in Numbers, nor Extent, as is the Bishoprick of *London*, nor scarce a twentieth Part of the Value; and yet, in that little Extent of a Diocese, he has a hundred Times more Presbyters to help him in Discipline, or Pennance, than the Bishops of *London:* We are suffer'd, indeed, (if we please the Bishop,) to Preach sometimes, or to Feed, but as to Church Discipline, we are just so many Cyphers. The Papists defraud the People of half the Sacrament, and the Bishops take from their Brethren the Presbyters half the Work of a Presbyter; that they may be the Domini Do-all's, and yet they cannot do at all, except by Sell-Soul Registers and Sumners, of whom a Presbyter is but the meer Eccho. What a Church have we got! The Ruleing Elder, in Scripture, is worthy of double Honour, but especially the Preaching Elder, that labours in the Word and Doctrine; but, quite contrary with us: For the Preaching Elder is No-body to the Register, Bishop, or Archbishop, who, if they be not Ruling Elders, are (some of them) nothing at all; for Preach they do not, Rule they cannot, except by Proxy, Sureties, or Godfathers, and Implicit Faith: Where lies their chief Use then, more than of old, obselete, and antiquated Statutes, long laid aside amongst old Almanacks, and out of Date?

Ay, say some, but old Things, and old Men must not be cast away: No, God forbid; no more than Novices or little Children; but, woe be to that Land whose King is a Child, and the Land ruled by Sureties, Godfathers, Proxies, and Administrators; so woe be that Church whose Ecclesiasti-

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cal Men are Novices, or antiquated, and twice Children: An old Lawyer is not cast away, when he casts himself off, as unfit for the Bar, being half deaf, and half blind; 'tis Time to have done, when Nature gives a Man his *Quietus est.*

Oh! But no matter who does the Work, (say some) yet the Profits, the Profits, the Wages, the Wages.

To that I'll answer; Avarice, Avarice, (which made an Apostle sell his Lord) the Work, the Work, which none but a God that is Omnipresent can discharge honestly, except by Deputies and Curates, a Name unknown in Scripture, and the Primitive Church, 'till Pride and Covetousness would stoop to that Load that it is enough to break the Back of any Mortal; *bonâ interim Conscientiâ fremente intùs & objurante saltem susurrante meliora*; we hoped, and are still not without some Hopes, that as we have lately changed our Popish Task-Master, our Popish Bondage also would have been eased; for it is meer Hypocrisy, and mocking of God, to make a Thanksgiving for our Deliverance from Slavery and Popery, if we be only Translated, *Latin* into *English*, and the Amendment only in Words, meer Words, of the same Tenour and Signification, and are really Comrades Ecclesiastical and Prelatical, whom our Lord has condemn'd, in every Thing, except for Order or Methods sake, our Saviour has past a Sentence against all Spiritual Lordship, but Temporal Lordships, and Temporal Lords only does he admit, *Excluso Clero.*

I know not how, when, or how soon it shall come to pass, but the Time shall come, (I'll say with my Saviour —*Mat.* 15. 13.) that *every Plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up.*

The Devil and the Popes made certain Laws called Canon Law; and to encourage Men to profess the Magick, or Black Art, a Thing was advanced, called a Professor, or Doctor of Canon-Law, and we are such wise Reformers as to chuse our Officials, Commissaries, Registers, and Chancellors out of this Rubbish: It will cost a Man honestly 500 *l.* before his Son can be free of the Sell-Soul Trade; but then, then, when he happens to have a Sell-Soul's Place given (given, said I? Fool that I am! I mean granted) to him, when he gets Understanding to know the *English* of *Consideratis Considerandis*, or the Meaning of a Gratuity, an Income, or a Fine,

he

he may get the Devil and all of Money, and a Purſe as large as his Conſcience. As for Inſtance: I myſelf read an Abſolution in my Church of *All-Saints*, ſent to me from *Doctors-Commons* to publiſh, in Pain of the Law; namely, I muſt cure a young Lady, by abſolving her, that was Excommunicated for breaking her Leg, or coming before her Time; and becauſe ſhe was loath to repent, ſhe puniſh'd her Purſe, ſent up the Guineas to *Doctors-Commons*, where a Proctor (that ſhall be nameleſs, for 'tis uſual) ſwore in my Preſence before the Vicar-general, *in animam Dominæ*, for the Soul of his Miſtreſs, (the ſaid young Lady, whom he never ſaw, nor ever will ſee, for ſhe is dead,) that he did believe her very penitent, for her Sin of Fornication; 'tis true, ſhe never ſpoke to him, nor to the Regiſter, nor to the Vicar, nor Surrogate, nor to any of that Rabble, but her Guineas did, to my Knowledge. This is no telling Tales out of School, for I always defy'd them, and all their Works, they are ſo profligate and proſtitute, without Shame or Conſcience.

A Whore in *Rome* may have a Pardon, or Abſolution, for a *Julio* or two, and for twelve Royals, (a Noble, *Engliſh* Money,) in *Spain*, or *Portugal*; but our Sell Souls have no Conſcience in them, if they get a rich Whore into their handling. Beſides, the Papiſts colour over the Pick-pocket Rapine, with enjoining ſome Pennance, as to ſay forty Ave-Maries, or ſit all Night naked upon a cold Stone, to cool and mortify them at leaſt, to colour the Robbery of their Purſes; but our Diſciplinarians, bare-faced, bid you deliver your Purſe, (full of Guineas ſometimes,) or elſe go to Pound, or Pinfold, (the Devil) and Jail; but open your Purſe, and you ſhall not need to open your Mouth, and confeſs your Sins.

I have ſeen a great Part of this Moiety, or one Side of the Globe of the World, and ſomewhat of the other Hemiſpheres beyond the Æquator; but, in all my Travels, Reading, or Diſcourſes, I never met with ſuch a rotten, ſenſeleſs, ſhameleſs Church Diſcipline, as ours is, for it is nothing but a Money Matter, without any Sconce, or Colour. The Papiſts are as bad, but, more cunning and modeſt Sinners, they have ſome Cloak for their Knavery; they worſhip Mammon, their God, as much as any Church of *England* Man does, but they make ſome Pretence of Pennance and Repentance.

Nor

Nor is there a Church of *England* Man that will ever come to Heaven, but, before he comes there, he will and muſt thank me (or ſuch as me) for ſtopping his Career to Hell, (full Speed,) without Check, or Remorſe: They'll find, that neither Almighty God, nor the People, will long be mocked.

If they can defend their *Baal* and *Babel* like Chriſtians, Scholars, or Gentlemen, let them come forth and anſwer me; but, hitherto, they never durſt encounter my Naked Truths, but with a pick'd Jury, that credited a ſingle Witneſs, in Contradiction to Five unconcerned and unbiaſs'd, as well as ſubſtantial Witneſſes; (but neither God, nor any King has pardon'd Perjury, there is a Time for all Things.) It was well for him, as well as for me, that I fell into the Hands of a noble Perſon, that ſcorn'd to make Money of his Honour, promiſing upon his Honour, that he would never take Advantage of that Verdict of 2000 *l.* 'till I ſhould commit ſome other Crime, that might deſerve ſo great a Penalty; whereas Truth and Reformation is ſo far from being a Crime, that none can have ſuch a Thought, but an Atheiſt, or he that defies all Honeſty, and the God of Truth.

The God of Heaven then has decreed, That Pride and Cruelty Prelatical, ſhall have a ſudden and a dreadful Fall: Stand clear there, and look to your Heads, for prop it, and Shoulder it up who will, they have been, and ſtill ſhall be buried in its Ruins.

Oh! But the Popiſhly-invented Writ, *de Hæretico Comburendo*, is taken away by Act of Parliament! Yea, I do not ſay, that Prelates burn Diſſenters, (they cannot if they would,) but there has been ten Times more Ruin to Families by cruel and long Impriſonments, by Vertue of that other Popiſhly-invented Writ, *de Excommunicato Capiendo*, that had the ſame Original and End with the Burning Writ; they were neither of them Plants which my Heavenly Father hath planted, and therefore you know their Doom.

Pillories, exceſſive and unmerciful Fines, the late cruel Whippings of Gentlemen, is a new Invention; the *Welſh* Monſter muſt have the Honour of that baſe Cruelty, that even the bloody *Romans* never uſed to any that out-lived the Infamy, nor to any but ſuch as were condemned. Does not

the *Welsh Perillus* deserve to roar by reason of his own brazen Bull? That the *Welch* Blood of his Back may refund a little for the *English* Blood so shamefully slash'd our, and spilt; but, (I say,) Pillories, excessive and unmerciful Fines, Imprisonments eternal, and to Death, (devising thereby Hell upon Earth,) cropping off Ears, imposing of silly Ceremonies, and arbitrary Taxes, and Oppressions, (in the Reign of little Archbishop *Laud*,) were the Occasion, at least, (I well remember) of so many Dissenters, and the People's Pretence (at least) of rising in Arms, which were not laid down, with his Death, nor the Crimes and Blood expiated, but by committing greater, in an unnatural and bloody Civil War, of Twenty long Years standing.

But the Sarcasme put upon Archbishop *Laud*, by (*Archee*) the King's Jester, I cannot forgive in any other Man; namely, when, at his Request, King *Charles* I. admitted the Fool to say Grace, (his Grace, little Doctor *Laud*, then in Presence,) *viz.*

Great Praise be given to God, and little Laud *to the Devil.*

For Prelates were the People's Love and Hate,
Cry'd down, and once (by Chance) cry'd up of late,
(In Rancour to the Pope, and Popish State;)
And *English* Popery shall have the same Fate
With last Year's Almanack, quite out of Date.

For a Ceremony-monger (that Church Cobweb,) can no more be mended (as aforesaid,) than other tatter'd and broken Cobwebs; and if you could, 'tis not worth the while, a Broom will do it: However, some Repairs are as speedily as necessarily to be done; lest *England* become allegorically famous (as *Denmark* is in a literal Sense,) for Abundance of Wood-cocks, with long Bills, gay Feathers, narrow Tongues, and little Brains.

F I N I S.